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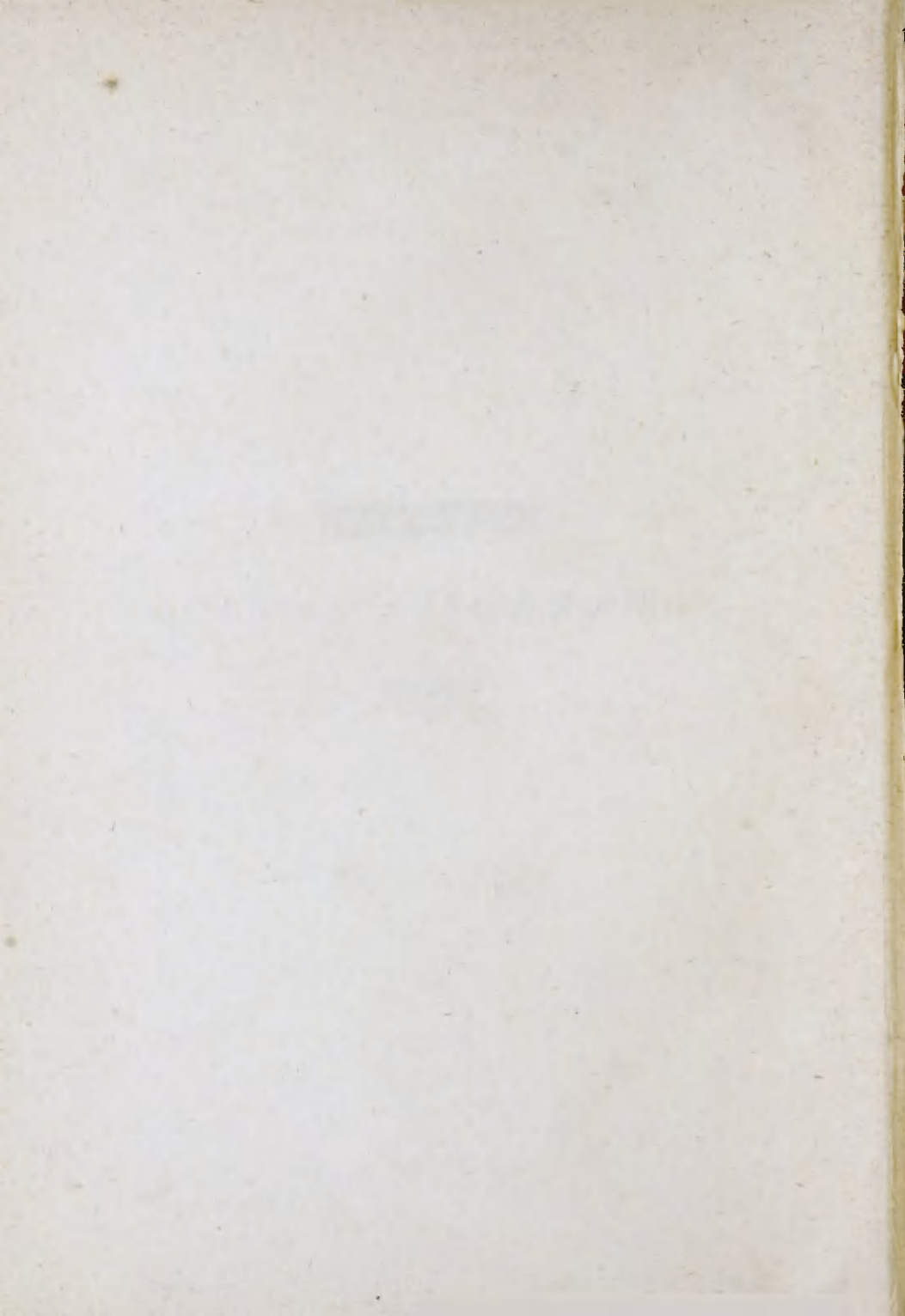






PARADISE LOST.





# PARADISE LOST,

AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JOHN MILTON,

BEING A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF THE

*FIRST EDITION.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.



LONDON :

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1877.

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## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HOUGH ready for the press in 1665, *Paradise Lost* was not published till two years afterwards. Milton, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and in the fifteenth or sixteenth of his total blindness, was then residing, with his third wife, and his three daughters by his first wife, in Artillery Walk, near Bunhill Fields, an obscure suburb of London, on the edge of that vast ruin of all the central parts of the City which had been caused by the Great Fire of September, 1666. The disturbance to business occasioned by that disaster, following so closely as it did on the Great Plague of 1665-6, may have had something to do with the delay of the publication. It was necessary, moreover, that the manuscript should be submitted to the proper authorities for licence; and the particular person who had to grant the licence in this case — viz. the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, M.A., minister of the parish of St. Mary Aldermary, and one of the chaplains of the Archbishop of Canterbury—is said to have hesitated over a work by so notorious an old Republican and Anti-State-Churchman as Milton, and to have taken especial exception to one passage in the First Book of the poem. The difficulty was overcome, however; and there still exists the actual copy of that First Book as it had been submitted to Mr. Tomkyns, in the handwriting of one of Milton's amanuenses or paid scribes, with the word "*Imprimatur*" written by Mr. Tomkyns on the inside

of the first leaf, and his signature appended in full. It was with the copy so licensed that Milton went to his publisher.

The publisher was Samuel Symons, or Simmons, printer, whose place of business was "next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street." He seems to have been the son or other near relative, and the successor in business, of a Matthew Simmons, who had been much employed in official printing for the Commonwealth Government, and with whom in that way Milton, during his Latin Secretaryship to that Government, had had frequent dealings. Milton's *Eikonoklastes* of 1648-9 had been published by this Matthew Simmons; and so, though there were not a few other publishers in London that had published for Milton at various times, it may have been more than chance that led Milton to Samuel Simmons with his *Paradise Lost*. One may see now in the British Museum the original agreement between them, of date April 27, 1667, as kept by Simmons, with Milton's seal attached, and his signature "JOHN MILTON," written for him by proxy, and witnessed by a "John Fisher" and by "Benjamin Greene, servant to Mr. Milton." In substance it was as follows:—For £5 then paid down to Milton he handed over the licensed manuscript to Simmons, with the stipulation that he was to receive another £5 when the first "impression," or edition, of the printed book should be sold off, a third £5 when the second "impression" should be sold off, and a fourth £5 when the third "impression" should be sold off—each "impression," or edition, to be counted as 1,300 copies, "retailed off to particular reading customers," though (to leave a margin for presentation copies) Simmons might print 1,500. Altogether, if we convert the money of that time into its present equivalent, it was as if an author now were to receive £17 10s. for the right to print, with a guarantee of the same sum at the end of the first edition, the same at the end of the second, and the same at the end of the third, each edition to consist of 1,300 copies. As nothing was said of any edition beyond the third, Milton may be supposed to have looked forward at the utmost to a sale of 3,900 copies, out of 4,500 that might be printed, and to have parted with his



whole interest in the book to that extent for a sum equal to about £70 now, one fourth paid in advance, and the rest left in prospect.

The printing of the book may have begun immediately after the agreement, for the registers of Stationers' Hall show this entry under the date August 20, 1667: "Mr. Sam. Symons entered for his copie, under the hands of Mr. Thomas Tomkyns and Mr. Warden Royston, a Booke or Copie Intituled *Paradise Lost*, a Poem in Tenne bookes, by J. M." To complete the formality of registration, one of the Wardens of the Stationers' Company had to add his name to that of the official licencer of any book registered; and Mr. Royston, a notable Royalist book-feller of the day, whom Milton had had occasion to know well in the time of his Secretaryship, was one of the Wardens that year.

Not long after the date of this entry, and presumably in or about October, 1667, *Paradise Lost* was out in London, and was to be obtained at the book-shops by "particular reading customers" at the price of 3s. per copy; which is as if a similar book now were to sell for 10s. 6d. The title-page, as purchasers then first cast their eyes upon it, was in these words:—  
*"Paradise lost. A Poem Written in Ten Books By John Milton. Licensfed and Entred according to Order. London Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1667."* So in mere continuous type; but for the exact look of this original title-page, and for the look of page after page of the ten books of the text in that original edition, down to the minutest details of typography and stationery, the reader is referred to the present facsimile. It is so accurate a reproduction, even to the printer's errata, that a person having it in his hands may, for that matter, imagine himself one of the first purchasers of the original, in October or November, 1667, who has just left Mr. Parker's shop, near Aldgate, or Mr. Boulter's, in Bishopsgate Street, or Mr. Walker's, in Fleet Street, with a fresh copy, and is turning over the leaves as he walks. Three

peculiarities of the book are now worth noting :—(1) The name of the real publisher and printer, Simmons, does not appear on the title-page, but only the names of three booksellers to whom he had first consigned copies. (2) There was no numerical paging, but only a head-line to each page noting the number of the current "Book" of the poem, with a marginal numbering of the lines in tens. (3) There was no prefatory prose matter whatever, but one passed at once from the title-page to the text of the poem.

But the history of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* does not end here. The title-page, as just given, and as reproduced more exactly for the eye in the facsimile, is the title-page as it appeared in the copies that were first bound and issued for sale; and for the next eighteen months or more, as fresh sets of the sheets were bound and sent out from time to time, there was a succession of new title-pages, either in mere whim or to suit the circumstances. Thus, hardly had the first set of copies gone out with the title-page as given, when, in the same year, 1667, there followed another set, bound up with a title-page identical with the former in the wording, but with the author's name, "John Milton," printed in type of a different size. This may be called the second title-page. Then in the year 1668 the title-page was again varied at least four times. Early in that year copies were issued with the first words of the title varied thus: "*Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author J. M.,*"—the rest of the wording running as before, or nearly so. This may be called the third title-page. Other copies followed, exhibiting a fourth, identical with the last in the wording, and also giving only the author's initials, but differing somewhat in the size of the type. But, later in the year, there came copies with this fifth form of title-page, in which, it will be observed, Simmons inserts his own name for the first time, strikes out one of the booksellers named in all the copies hitherto, and substitute two others: "*Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishops-Head in Duck Lane, H. Mortlock at the White Hart in Westminster Hall,*



*M. Walker under St Dunstons Church in Fleet Street, and R. Boulter at the Turks-Head in Bishopsgate-street, 1668.*" Yet another variation followed in the same year; for copies have been found with a sixth title-page, the same in wording as the last, but with a different typographical ornamentation. Finally, in 1669, we have copies with this seventh title-page, discharging all the previous booksellers, and naming a single new one: "*Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel, in Little-Brittain, 1669;*" which wording, but with slight differences in the typography, is repeated in two other issues of copies in the same year. In short, no fewer than nine distinct forms of title-page have been found in copies of *Paradise Lost* belonging indubitably to the first edition; and it is possible that these may not be all.\*

Studying these particulars, one construes the story as follows:—Simmons had printed off at once, in 1667, the entire number of copies, certainly as many as 1,300, but probably the full 1,500, that were, by his contract with Milton, to constitute the first edition or "impression." For the first supply of the market he had bound a certain number of these copies with the first form of title-page, and sent them to the three booksellers there named, keeping the remaining bales of the unbound sheets in his own premises. When he next binds a set of copies, still in 1667, for a second supply, his taste leads him to set up a new title-page for them, with the author's name in a different type. But this matter of the author's name becomes suddenly of some special importance. The sale at the three booksellers' shops seems to be slow: can it be because the undisguised appearance of the author's unpopular name in full in front of the book repels certain classes of people that might otherwise be purchasers? To catch such weak-minded customers, Simmons, probably after consultation with Milton, issues twice in 1668

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\* See Bohn's *Lowndes*, Art. "Milton;" also Leigh Sotheby's *Ramblings in Elucidation of Milton*, pp. 81-82; also Introduction to *Paradise Lost* in Cambridge Edition of Milton's Poetical Works, pp. 8-9.

sets of copies bound purposely with a title-page in which the author's name in full is not given, but only his initials. Still Simmons is not satisfied; still the sale lags. Can it be that the three booksellers that have been acting for Simmons are not doing their duty by the book? Something of this kind seems to be implied by the issue, in 1668, of what was perhaps the fifth *binding* of copies, with a title-page showing that one of the three has no farther concern with the book, and that two others, one of them in the West end, are now agents instead. By this time Simmons seems to have given up the idea that Milton's name did harm; for he not only restores it in full, but openly conjoins his own with it by first announcing himself as the printer. The slight variation in the same year to a sixth title-page with different ornamentation seems to imply nothing more than Simmons's readiness to set up a new title-page whenever he bound a new set of copies; but one sees more in the final changes of title-page in 1669, when Simmons gets rid of all his former agents, and makes his neighbour, Helder in Little Britain, the sole agent for the book thenceforward. Of course, one trade reason for the willingness of Simmons to set up new title-pages was that the book might continue to look like one of the current year. *Paradise Lost* saw the light in 1667; but there are yet persons who, on the faith of copies of the first edition dated 1668 or 1669, suppose the original publication to have been in one or other of these years.

That Simmons *was* in some anxiety, for a while, about the sale of the book appears from another circumstance, appertaining more particularly to that issue of copies in 1668 which bore what I have numbered as the fifth form of title-page. Then, more evidently than at any other time in the eighteen months after the first publication, Simmons seems to have tried to "push" the sale. He changed the agents, increased their number, and distributed them more through the town; and he put his own name to the book, while restoring Milton's in full. But he did more. He had heard by that time that it was an objection to the book that people could not tell from the title-page what it was about. The name *Paradise Lost* conveyed

but vague preliminary conceptions; even the opening lines, announcing the subject, failed to indicate its full nature and extent; not till people were actually some way into the poem could they tell that it contained Satan and the Wars in Heaven, and the Fall of the Rebel Angels, and the Creation of the World, and many other supernatural grandeurs, inwrought with the terrestrial story of Adam and Eve; nay, after the poem was read through, only very intelligent readers could grasp the scheme, or remember the connection of the parts! Might not all this be remedied if Mr. Milton would supply a Prose Sketch of the whole poem, divided into ten pieces to fit the ten Books? With some request like this Simmons must have gone to Milton in his house near Bunhill Fields; and Milton agreed to do what was wanted. He did so the more readily, perhaps, because he saw an opportunity, in doing so, of noticing another objection to his epic, of which Simmons may also have heard, though it must have reached Milton independently, and was more likely to rouse *him* than Simmons. The great objection among such of the critics and wits of the Restoration as had looked into the poem was that it did not rhyme. There was then a controversy between the partisans of rhyme and those of blank verse even for the drama; and it was incredible boldness for any one, in the midst of that controversy, to have put forth an *Epic*, a long *narrative* poem, written wholly in that kind of verse which many thought too lax for the stage itself. There was hardly a precedent for it in English; or anything that could be cited as a precedent was old, rare, and uncouth. Who could read such a poem? Who could take pleasure in it, coming incessantly to the ends of the lines and missing that boom of rhymes to which the English ear had been accustomed in all non-dramatic poetry from Chaucer downwards? Milton must have been longing to reply to this objection, to express his scorn for it; and Simmons's application for a prose argument to be prefixed to the poem, specifying the contents of the Books severally, gave him the opportunity. Accordingly, having dictated a prose argument, he added his well-known prefatory paragraph entitled "THE VERSE," in which he not



only vindicated his use of blank verse, but claimed it as one of his highest services to literature to have ventured on that experiment, and demanded for his *Paradise Lost*, however "vulgar readers" might cavil, the special credit of being "an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing." Simmons, having received the prose argument and this prefatory paragraph, together with a list of some *Errata* that had been detected in the text of the poem, was at the trouble of printing all in the form of fourteen new pages of matter, to come between the title-page and the text in all future issues of copies. He introduced the additions by a note of four lines in his own name, thus: "*The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, is procured.—S. Simmons.*" The fourteen pages of additional matter with this note of introduction had been printed off, and inserted into a good many copies sent out for sale with the fifth title-page, before the bad grammar of Simmons's note attracted Milton's attention. When it did so, he amended Simmons's note for him thus: "*The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.—S. Simmons.*" This amendment was adopted by Simmons, and there are copies of the fifth title-page issue with the amended and extended form of his note; but, as he retained copies of the sheet that had been printed off with the shorter and ungrammatical form of that note, it is a matter of chance whether in any copy of the First Edition of *Paradise Lost* that left the binder's late in 1668, or early in 1669, there shall be found the one form of Simmons's note or the other. All such copies, however, differ from preceding copies in having the fourteen pages of prefatory prose matter inserted between the title-page, whatever form it takes, and the beginning of the poem itself. The issue of the set of copies with the fifth title-page in 1668, therefore, marks an epoch in the early history of the book.

Some time in 1668, after the book had been out for half a year or more, it seemed to Simmons to need a *push*; and Milton agreed, and helped him.

Yet one other fact about this famous First Edition. Not only are copies of it to be found with at least nine varieties of title-page, bearing date 1667, 1668, or 1669; and not only do these copies have or lack the fourteen pages of interpolated proematter (consisting of "The Argument," the Apology for the Verse, and the List of Errata), according as they were bound and issued after or before Simmons's effort in 1668 to "*push*" the book by that insertion; but minute differences may be found here and there in the printing of the poem itself in these various copies. Such differences are very rare indeed, and hardly ever of the least particle of consequence. By way of specimen, I may mention that, while a copy now before me of the date 1669, with Helder's name in the imprint, exhibits several miscountings of the lines in tens in the margin between line 810 and line 1010 of Book IX., no such errors are to be found in the corresponding margins of the present facsimile, taken from a copy of the first issue in 1667. Comparisons of other copies have detected similar instances of corrections of marginal misnumberings in other places, with sometimes also such a discrepancy in the text as a *with* instead of *in*. How are these small variations to be accounted for? Not, I think, by the supposition that, for the later issues, a leaf was occasionally cancelled and reprinted on account of some error discovered in it—in which case copies of the later issues should be found the most correct, whereas we have just seen an instance to the contrary. Rather, I think, by the supposition that, during the original slow printing by hand-press of the whole first impression of 1,300 or 1,500 copies in 1667, that happened which sometimes happens even yet in a printing-office with steam machinery: viz. the detection of errors in time to correct them for a portion of the impression. Thus several of the sheets, as kept in bales for binding, might be in different states of correctness, and a later-bound copy might have one of these sheets in its first or less correct state.

All in all, the First Edition of *Paradise Lost* was a very carefully printed book. It may rank, I think, as the best-looking book of Milton's printed in his life-time—superior both in compositor's work and in press-work to any of his pamphlets, and certainly superior to any other volume of his in verse form. He must have taken all the pains possible to a blind man to insure correctness, and he must have had scholarly friends to revise the sheets for him, and to read them aloud to him for his approval. But much must have been due to Simmons and his office readers. The *punctuation* and the *spelling* I conceive to have been mainly theirs. In neither of these matters did they adhere to the manuscript copy that had been supplied them, if I may judge by a comparison of two pages of the extant First Book of that manuscript, as they have been facsimiled by Mr. Leigh Sotheby, with the corresponding parts of the printed First Edition. In the matter of the pointing, indeed, they did not deviate very much from that copy; but they did deviate sufficiently to show that they adopted the pointing of the copy only when it suited them. The result was an empirical system of pointing throughout, as good as was then common, perhaps a little better, and not inconvenient to the reader even now, though far astray from that strict principle of logical sentence-analysis which ought now to regulate pointing universally. But in the matter of spelling they took their own way still more evidently. They conformed more to our present orthography on the whole than their copy did, but used capitals and italics according to the habits or rules of their own printing-office; and, for the rest, they exhibited that utter indifference to uniformity, that fluttering among several spellings of the same word, that capricious departure from most of our present spellings only to return to them again, which we see in all books of the period, and from which we learn conclusively that English spelling had by that time wholly lost whatever of attempted stability or of true phonetic significance it may have formerly had. One use of the present facsimile is that it will afford useful means of studying the characteristics of English spelling in the seventeenth century, and especially that phenomenon of instability, of conformity to our



present spelling in one place or many places, and arbitrary variation from it the next moment or in other places, which is the most noteworthy characteristic of all. You have *flower*, just as now, but also *flowr*, *flowre*, *flour*, *floure*, and *flouer*; you have *seize*, just as now, but also *sieze*, *seise*, and *sease*; and so with almost any test-word you may pursue through the text—our spelling of it almost always found, often or occasionally, but with one or more alternatives at option. Not that there are not peculiar spellings in the original edition which have a real significance, etymological or phonetic, and which ought therefore to be carefully preserved in modern editions. Examples are *highth* for our *height*, *stupendious* for our *stupendous*, *soveran* for our *sovereign*, *harald* for our *herald*, *voutsafe* for our *vouchsafe*, and a few more. These are genuine old forms; and, what is more, some of them are express Miltonisms. For reasons of music, or of other effect, he must have preferred such forms; and he must have given directions that they should be strictly retained wherever they appeared in the manuscript he had dictated, and have taken pains to know that this had been done.\*

The First Edition of *Paradise Lost* was sold out early in 1669, not long after the transference by Simmons of his last remaining copies to Helder of Little Britain. The proof exists in the form of Milton's receipt to Simmons, written by proxy, and dated April 26, 1669, for the second £5, due by the agreement. At least 1,300 copies of the poem, therefore, had been disposed of in about eighteen months; and one sees no reason why Simmons should not then have immediately printed a second edition. For about five years, however, except in so far as there may have been an available surplus in the extra 200 copies which Simmons had been entitled to print originally, the book was suffered to remain out of print. During these five years Milton had various transactions with other publishers than Simmons. The publisher of his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson*

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\* This whole subject of Milton's Spelling I have discussed more at large in an Essay "On Milton's English," prefixed to the Cambridge Edition of Milton's Poetical Works.

*Agonistes*, which appeared together in a small octavo volume in 1671, was John Starkey, of the Mitre in Fleet Street; and the publisher of the Second Edition of his minor poems, which appeared in 1673, and contained pieces not included in the First Edition of 1645, was Thomas Dring, who varied his address, within the year of the publication, from "The White Lion, next Chancery Lane End" to "The Blew Anchor next Mitre Court over against Fetter Lane." Nor, so far as I remember, had Simmons anything to do with several prose publications of Milton's during the same interval.

At length, however, Simmons did bestir himself. In 1674, the last year of Milton's life, there was published "*Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Second Edition Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons next door to the Golden Lion in Algersgate-street, 1674.*" This Second Edition differed from the first in being a small octavo instead of a quarto, and in having a numbered paging in the ordinary way, and without the convenient accompaniment of a marginal numbering of the lines in tens. But the chief difference was the division of the poem in this edition into twelve books, instead of the original ten. This was done by breaking what had been Books VII. and X. in the First Edition into two books each. The prose argument was re-arranged to correspond, and, instead of being printed entire at the beginning, was distributed into pieces at the heads of the several books. Prefixed were two sets of laudatory verses on the poem, which Milton had received since its first publication, one in Latin by Samuel Barrow, a well-known physician and public man of the time, and the other in English by Milton's friend Andrew Marvell, but both signed only with the initials of the writers. The words "Revised and Augmented" on the title-page of the new edition are somewhat of an exaggeration. Having stopped Book VII. at line 640 and converted the rest of that book into Book VIII., Milton does expand what had formerly been line 641 of Book VII. into the four lines that now form the opening of Book VIII.; and, similarly, in breaking the former Book X. into



the present Books XI. and XII., he smoothes the junction between these two books by throwing in the five lines that now open Book XII. There are, besides, two or three slight insertions or changes in the course of the text of the poem; but substantially, save for the re-arrangement in twelve books, the Second Edition is a reprint of the first, correct enough, but in much less handsome form, and with some of the errata of the first left unamended.

As Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674, all that had come to himself, in the shape of money for his *Paradise Lost*, was the £10 (worth £35 now) he had received for the First Edition in the two payments of 1667 and 1669. It was to his representatives and administrators that Simmons had to account for the additional £5 due on the completed sale of the current Second Edition, and for any further payments in terms of the original agreement. There was a law-suit in 1674-5 between Milton's widow and his three "undutiful" daughters by his first wife respecting the inheritance of his little property. This may account for the fact that, though the Second Edition of *Paradise Lost* must have been exhausted in 1678, when Simmons published "The Third Edition," it was not till the 21st of December, 1680, that he settled with the widow. On that day she gave him a receipt for £8: "which," said the receipt, "is in full payment for all my right, Title, or Interest, which I have, or ever had, in the Copy of a Poem Intituled *Paradise Lost*, in Twelve Books in 8vo, by John Milton, Gent., my late husband." The discharge was repeated by her in still more emphatic legal form in a document dated April 29, 1681. Of the £8 paid her £5 had been due to her for the Second Edition; and for the additional £3 the poor lady had parted with the £5 more that would have been forthcoming from the Third Edition, then current, and with all chances beyond that from a new bargain after the expiry of Milton's original agreement for three editions. *Paradise Lost* had been worth, to the author and his family, exactly £18 in all, a sum equal to about £63 now. Nor was the publisher Simmons to make more out of the poem than he had already made; which cannot have been very much. While

negotiating with the widow he had sold the future copyright for £25 to Brabazon Aylmer, of The Three Pigeons in Cornhill; in 1683 this Aylmer sold half the copyright to the rising young bookseller, Jacob Tonson, then of the Judge's Head in Chancery Lane; in 1690-1 Tonson acquired the other half; and from that time till about 1760, such were the old notions and customs of the book-trade, that the sale of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed of all Milton's poetry, was an almost unbroken monopoly of the famous firm of the Tonsons. In 1727, when the Tonsons were already rolling in wealth, much of it derived from their numerous editions of *Paradise Lost* and the other poems of Milton, in all varieties of forms, Milton's widow died in extreme old age and in very straitened circumstances at Nantwich, and Milton's youngest and last surviving daughter, Deborah Clarke, died in mere penury in London.

DAVID MASSON.

EDINBURGH: Dec., 1876.

# Paradise lost.

A

## P O E M

Written in

## T E N B O O K S

By *JOHN MILTON.*

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Licens'd and Entred according  
to Order.

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L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be sold by *Peter Parker*  
under *Creed Church* neer *Aldgate*; And by  
*Robert Boulter* at the *Turks Head* in *Bishopsgate-street*;  
And *Matthias Walker*, under *St. Dunstons Church*  
in *Fleet-street*, 1667.





# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK I.



F Mans First Disobedience, and  
the Fruit  
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose  
mortal tast  
Brought Death into the World,  
and all our woe,

With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
Rose out of *Chaos* : Or if *Sion* Hill  
Delight thee more, and *Silva's* Brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God ; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar

A

Above



Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st ; Thou from the first  
20 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant : What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert th' Eternal Providence,  
And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
30 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his Will  
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides ?  
Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt ?  
Th' infernal Serpent ; he it was, whose guile  
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
40 He trusted to have equal'd the most High,  
If he oppos'd ; and with ambitious aim  
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst despise th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night 50  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal : But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :  
At once as far as Angels ken he views  
The dismal Situation waste and wilde, 60  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all ; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd :  
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70  
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell !  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side

80 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Bëëlzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou bee'st he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness did'st outshine  
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
90 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd  
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou see'st  
From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd  
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those  
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
100 And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
110 That Glory never shall his wrath or might



Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power  
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and thame beneath  
This downfall ; since by Fate the strength of Gods  
And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,  
We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

120

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare :  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King ;  
And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences  
Can Perish : for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

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But

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
150 By right of Warr, what e're his business be  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep ;  
What can it then avail though yet we feel  
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment ?  
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.  
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or Suffering : but of this be sure,  
To do ought good never will be our task,  
160 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil ;  
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
170 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the Gates of Heav'n : The Sulphurous Hail  
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid  
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
Wing'd

Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,  
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire Calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate  
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,  
*Titanian*, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briarios* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
By ancient *Tarfus* held, or that Sea-beast  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:  
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam  
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind

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Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night  
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays :  
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
210 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence  
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
220 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
His mighty Stature ; on each hand the flames  
Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld  
In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire ;  
230 And such appear'd in hue , as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
Of thundring *Etna*, whose combustible  
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,  
Both



Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood  
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power. 240

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat  
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful  
For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee (gloom  
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
What shall be right : fardest from him is best  
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made su-  
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields (pream  
Where Joy for ever dwells : Hail horrors, hail 250  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new Possessor : One who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
The mind is its own place, and in it self  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less then hee  
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence : 260  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce  
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :  
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy Mansion , or once more  
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet  
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So *Satan* spake, and him *Bëelzebub*  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright ,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,  
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lye  
280 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,  
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
Through Optic Glasse the *Tuscan* Artist views  
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,  
290 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,  
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.  
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walkt with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps  
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire ;  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach  
300 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't  
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
In

In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades  
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves ore-  
*Busiris* and his *Memphian* Chivalrie,      (threw  
 VVhile with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating Carkases  
 And broken Chariot VVheels, so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can sieze  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
 After the toyl of Battel to repose  
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

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They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceave the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;  
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt*s evill day  
340 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile* :  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires ;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Thir course, in even ballance down they light  
350 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain ;  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons  
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.  
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
Exeelling human, Princely Dignities,  
360 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones ;  
Though of their Names in heavenly Records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*  
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,  
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
By



By falſities and lyes the greateſt part  
Of Mankind they corrupted to forſake  
God their Creator, and th' inviſible  
Glory of him, that made them, to transform 370  
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities :

Then were they known to men by various Names,  
And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
Say, Muſe, their Names then known, who firſt, who  
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery Couch, (laſt,  
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth  
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,  
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof? 380

The chief were thoſe who from the Pit of Hell  
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix  
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God ,  
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
Among the Nations round, and durſt abide  
*Jehovah* thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd  
Within his Sanctuary it ſelf their Shrines,  
Abominations ; and with curſed things

His holy Rites, and ſolemn Feaſts profan'd, 390  
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.

Firſt *Moloch*, horrid King beſmear'd with blood  
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,  
Though for the noyſe of Drums and Timbrels loud  
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſt through fire  
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
Worſhipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
In *Argob* and in *Baſan*, to the ſtream

400 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
His Temple right against the Temple of God  
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence  
And black *Gebenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.  
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,  
From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*  
410 And *Heronaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond  
The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,  
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
*Peor* his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the bording flood  
420 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names  
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,  
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,  
430 Can execute their aerie purposes,

And

# Paradise lost.      Book I.

And works of love or enmity fulfill.  
 For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial Gods ; for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns ;  
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
 440 *Sidonian* Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a Summers day,  
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock  
 450 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded : the Love-tale  
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led  
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,  
 460 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
And

And downward Fish : yet had his Temple high  
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks  
Of *Abhana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.  
470 He also against the house of God was bold :  
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Abaz* his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods  
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train  
With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd  
480 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek  
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape  
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd  
The Calf in *Oreb* : and the Rebel King  
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke  
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.  
490 *Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for it self : To him no Temple stood  
Or Altar smoak'd ; yet who more oft then hee  
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest

With



Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God.  
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse  
 Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towers,  
 And injury and outrage : And when Night  
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons 500  
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
 In *Gibeab*, when hospitable *Dores*  
 Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order and in might ;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held  
 Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth  
 Thir boasted Parents ; *Titan* Heav'ns first born 510  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seisd  
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found ;  
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd : these first in *Creet*  
 And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top  
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
 Thir highest Heav'n ; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
 Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds  
 Of *Doric* Land ; or who with *Saturn* old  
 Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields, 520  
 And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
 All these and more came flocking ; but with looks  
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss it self ; which on his count'nance cast

Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd  
530 Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.  
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard  
His mighty Standard ; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherube tall :  
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd  
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't  
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and Trophies : all the while  
540 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds :  
At which the universal Host upsent  
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With Orient Colours waving : with them rose  
A Forrest huge of Spears : and thronging Helms  
Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable : Anon they move  
550 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood  
Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd  
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old  
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ,  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
 Breathing united force with fixed thought 560  
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o're the burnt soyle ; and now  
 Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise  
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,  
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief  
 Had to impose : He through the armed Files  
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole Battalion views , thir order due,  
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods, 570  
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
 Glories : For never since created man,  
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
 Could merit more then that small infantry  
 Warr'd on by Cranes : though all the Giant brood  
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
 That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods ; and what resounds  
 In Fable or *Romance* of *Others* Son 580  
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights ;  
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore  
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Thir dread Commander : he above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590

Stood like a Towr ; his form had yet not lost  
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess  
Of Glory obscur'd : As when the Sun new ris'n  
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon  
600 Above them all th' Arch Angel : but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride  
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
( Far other once beheld in blifs ) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
610 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though bare  
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak ; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend  
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his Peers : attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
620 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.  
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
Match-



Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change  
Hateful to utter : but what power of mind  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of Gods , how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet beleieve, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend  
Self-rai'd, and repossess their native seat.

630

For me , be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custome, and his Regal State  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

640

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New warr, provok't ; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile  
What force effected not : that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new Worlds ; whereof so rise  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long

650

Intended to create , and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven :

Thither,

Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyſſe  
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts  
660 Full Counſel muſt mature : Peace is deſpaired,  
For who can think Submiſſion? Warr then, Warr  
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-ſlew  
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arm's  
Clash'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

670 There ſtood a Hill not far whoſe grieſly top  
Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoak; the reſt entire  
Shon with a gloſſie ſcurff, undoubted ſign  
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed  
A numerous Brigad haſten'd As when bands  
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd  
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
Or caſt a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,  
*Mammon*, the leaſt erected Spirit that fell

680 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n Gold,  
Then aught divine or holy elſe enjoy'd  
In viſion beatific: by him firſt  
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,  
Ranſack'd the Center, and with impious hands

Riſt'd

Rif'd the bowels of thir mother Earth For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell Of <i>Babel</i> , and the works of <i>Memphian</i> Kings, Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame, And Strength and Art are easily outdone By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour What in an age they with incessant toyle And hands innumerable scarce perform.	690
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd, That underneath had veins of liquid fire Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore, Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross : A third as soon had form'd within the ground A various mould, and from the boyling cells By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook, As in an Organ from one blast of wind To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.	700
A non out of the earth a Fabrick huge Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet , Built like a Temple, where <i>Pilasters</i> round Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid With Golden Architrave ; nor did there want Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n, The Roof was fretted Gold. Not <i>Babylon</i> , Nor great <i>Alcairo</i> such magnificence	710

Equal'd

720 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
*Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat  
Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove  
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores  
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof  
Pendant by futtle Magic many a row  
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
730 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
And some the Architect: his hand was known  
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Aufonian* land  
740 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell  
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*  
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn  
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun  
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Ile: thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he  
750 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent (scape  
With



With his industrious crew to build in hell.  
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
 And Trumpets found throughout the Host pro-  
 A solemn Councel forthwith to be held (claim  
 At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital  
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
 From every and Band squared Regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates  
 And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair (bold  
 Def'd the best of *Panim* chivalry  
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brusht with the hiss of rusling wings. As Bees  
 In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,  
 Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
 The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,  
 New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer  
 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,  
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd  
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons  
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race 780  
 Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side

Book I.      *Paradise lost.*

Or Fountain some belated Peasant fees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon  
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance  
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
790 Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within  
And in thir own dimensions like themselves  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

*The End of the First Book.*

P A R A-



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK II.

**H**igh on a Throne of Royal State, which far  
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold, (hand  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus displaid.

10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate :

- Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n  
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,  
20 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,  
Hath bin achiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne  
Yeilded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
30 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper then prosperity  
40 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloch*, Scepter'd King  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather then be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse



*Paradise lost.*      Book 2.

He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

My sentence is for open Warr : Of Wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait  
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here

Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,

The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns

By our delay ? no, let us rather choose  
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once  
O're Heav'ns high *Towrs* to force resistless way,

Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms

Against the Torturer ; when to meet the noise

Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear

Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage

Among his Angels ; and his Throne it self

Mixt with *Tartarcan* Sulphur, and strange fire,

His own invented Torments. But perhaps

The way seems difficult and steep to scale

With upright wing against a higher foe.

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench

Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,

That in our proper motion we ascend

Up to our native seat : descent and fall

To us is adverse. Who but felt of late

When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear

Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,

With what compulsion and laborious flight

We sunk thus low ? Th' ascent is easie then ;

Th'

Th' event is fear'd ; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction : if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd : what can be worse  
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe ; (demn'd  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
90 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
Calls us to Penance ? More destroy'd then thus  
We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire ? which to the highth enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier farr  
Then miserable to have eternal being :  
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
100 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne :  
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose  
*Belial*, in act more graceful and humane ;  
110 A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seemd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :  
But all was false and hollow ; though his Tongue  
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
The

The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,  
And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd  
With Armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest Infurrection, to confound

Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie  
All incorruptible would on his Throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain would soon expel

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure,

To

To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost  
150 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can  
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?  
160 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,  
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.  
170 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall



One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,  
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180  
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.  
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's highth 190  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;  
Not more Almighty to resist our might  
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains & these Torments? better these then worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200  
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,

## Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

- 210 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisf'd  
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires  
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
220 This horror will grow milde, this darknes light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days maybring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

- Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n  
230 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:  
The former vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord su-  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent (pream  
And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we  
240 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne

With

With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes  
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place so e're 260  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This Desert soile 270  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?

Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
 280 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance  
 Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay  
 290 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard  
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace: for such another Field  
 They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear  
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
 By pollicy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.  
 Which when *Bēēlzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,  
 300 *Satan* except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and publick care;  
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,  
 Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood



With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest Monarchies ; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as Night  
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n, 310  
Ethereal Vertues ; or these Titles now

Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here

A growing Empire ; doubtless ; while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd

This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt

From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new League  
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude : For he, be sure,

In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign

Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part

By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule

Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.

What fit we then projecting Peace and Warr ?

Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss 330

Irreparable ; tearms of peace yet none

Voutsaf't or sought ; for what peace will be giv'n

To us enslav'd, but custody severe,

And stripes, and arbitrary punishment

Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,

But to our power hostility and hate,

Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,

Yet

- Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce  
340 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
( If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not ) another World, the happy seat  
Of som new Race call'd *Man*, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
350 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,  
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or fittlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
366 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd  
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand

Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Bëelzebub*  
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.  
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of Fate,  
 Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring  
 And opportune excursion we may chance (Arms  
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light  
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,  
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires

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Shall

- Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight  
 Upborn with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 410 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.  
 This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeer'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 420 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & each  
 In others count'nance red his own dismay  
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be  
 So hardie as to proffer or accept (found  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
*Satan*, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.  
 430 O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr  
 Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;



Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
These past, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf. 440  
If thence he scape into what ever world,  
Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.  
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught pro-  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape (pos'd  
Of difficulty or danger could deterre  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450  
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty powers,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm 460  
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize

None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd  
Others among the chief might offer now  
470 ( Certain to be refus'd ) what erst they feard ;  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice  
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ;  
Thir rising all at once was as the sound  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone ; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n :  
480 Nor fail'd they to expresse how much they prais'd,  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loose all thir vertue ; least bad men should boast  
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief :  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'erspread  
490 Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element  
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre ;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree

Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly Grace : and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife 500  
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy :  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction waite.  
 The *stygian* Councel thus dissolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
 Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd  
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream, 510  
 And God-like imitated State; him round  
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.  
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry  
 With Trumpets regal found the great result :  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to thir mouths the founding Alchymie  
 By Haralds voice explain'd : the hollow Abyss  
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim. 520  
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wandring, each his severall way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.  
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,

- 530 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;  
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.  
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush  
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears  
Till thickest Legions close ; with feats of Arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell
- 540 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.  
As when *Alcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,  
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw  
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
- 550 By doom of Battel ; and complain that Fate  
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
Thir song was partial, but the harmony  
( What could it less when Spirits immortal sing ? )  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
( For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense, )  
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
In houghts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,  
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
- 560 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.



Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie :  
 Yet with a pleasing forcerie could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps  
 Might yeild them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks  
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams ;  
 Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,  
 Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep ;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the ruful stream ; fierce *Phlegeton*  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion roules  
 Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog  
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,

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Where

Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,  
600 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose  
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so neer the brink;  
610 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terror guards  
The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on  
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous Bands  
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
620 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,  
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of  
A Universe of death, which God by curse (death,  
Created evil, for evil only good,  
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abomi-

Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,  
*Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight; som times  
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,  
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares  
Up to the fiery concave touring high.

630

As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd  
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds  
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles  
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring  
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood  
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd  
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,  
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were  
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, (Brass,  
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat

640

On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her wombo,

650

And

## Book. 2. *Paradise lost.*

And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these  
 660 Vex'd *scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts  
*Calabria* from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore :  
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood , to dance  
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon  
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb ,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 670 For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies , terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful Dart ; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The Monster moving onward came as fast,  
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
 Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd ;  
 680 And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
 To yonder Gates ? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee :  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,  
 Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,

Who



# Paradise lost.      Book 2.

Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then 690  
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons  
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain ?  
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700  
 Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
 Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold  
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
 Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood  
 Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge  
 In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair 710  
 Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
 Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
 With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
 To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air :  
 So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood; 720  
 For never but once more was either like

To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds  
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the Snakie Sorcerers that sat  
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son ? What fury O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
730 Against thy Fathers head ? and know'st for whom ;  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd :

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
740 What it intends ; till first I know of thee,  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st  
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son ?  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd ;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight  
750 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seisd  
 All th' Host of Heav'n ; back they recoild affraid  
 At first, and call'd me *sin*, and for a Sign  
 Portentous held me ; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Meanwhile Warr arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heav'n ; wherein remaind  
 ( For what could else ) to our Almighty Foe  
 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout  
 Through all the Empyrean : down they fell  
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
 I also ; at which time this powerful Key  
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy

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Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;  
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
From all her Caves, and back refounded *Death*.  
790 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,  
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,  
Me overtook his mother all dismaid,  
And in embraces forcible and foule  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw  
800 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his Parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involved; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter Morfel, and his bane,  
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
810 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,  
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.  
She finish'd, and the suttle Fiend his lore  
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And



*Paradise lost.*      *Book 2.*

And my fair Son here showſt me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire 820  
Beſalln us unforeſeen, unthought of, know (change  
I come no enemy, but to ſet free  
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Hoſt  
Of Spirits that in our juſt pretences arm'd  
Fell with us from on high : from them I go  
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all  
My ſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immenſe  
To ſearch with wandring queſt a place foretold 830  
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now  
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs  
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't  
A race of upſtart Creatures, to ſupply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Leaſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broiles : Be this or aught  
Then this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte  
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,  
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840  
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen  
Wing ſilently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
With odours ; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd  
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.  
He ceaſ'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleaſ'd, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a gaſtly ſmile, to hear  
His famine ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his mawe  
Deſtin'd to that good hour : no leſs rejoyc'd  
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her Sire.

The

## Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

- 850 The key of this infernal Pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates ; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.  
But what ow I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
- 860 Inhabitant of Heavn, and heav'nlie-born,  
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass't round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed :  
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
My being gav'st me ; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and blifs, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
- 870 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.  
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;  
And towards the Gate rousing her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,  
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers  
Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease  
Unfast'ns : on a sudden op'n flie
- 880 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut  
Excel'd her power ; the Gates wide op'n stood,  
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host  
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array ;  
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.  
Before thir eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
Illimitable Ocean without bound , (highth,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and  
And time and place are lost ; where eldest Night  
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise  
Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.  
For hot,cold,moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
Strive here for Maistrie,and to Battel bring  
Thir embryon Atoms ; they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth,swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise  
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
Hee rules a moment ; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
And by decision more imbroiles the fray  
By which he Reigns : next him high Arbiter  
*Chance* governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,  
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt

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Con-

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
Pondering his Voyage ; for no narrow frith  
920 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,  
With all her battering Engines bent to rase  
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
In mutinie had from her Axle torn  
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak  
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League  
930 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides  
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuitie : all unawares  
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft : that furie stay'd,  
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,  
940 Nor good dry Land : nigh founderd on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.  
As when a Gryfon through the Wildernes  
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,  
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelh

Had



Had from his wakeful custody purloind  
 The guarded Gold : So eagerly the fiend  
 Orebog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies : 950  
 At length a universal hubbub wilde  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plyes,  
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the neereft coast of darkness lyes  
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep ; with him Enthron'd  
 Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his Reign ; and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Ades*, and the dreaded name  
 Of *Demogorgon* ; Rumor next and Chance,  
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroidl,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
*Chaos* and *ancient Night*, I come no Spie, 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
 Wandring this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie  
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place (bounds

H

From

From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
980 I travel this profound, direct my course;  
Directed, no mean recompence it brings  
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,  
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
To her original darkness and your sway  
(Which is my present journey) and once more  
Erect the Standerd there of *ancient Night*;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old  
With faultring speech and visage incompas'd  
990 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heav'n's King, though over-  
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host (thrown.  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates  
Poured out by millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
1000 That little which is left so to defend  
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles  
Weakning the Scepter of old Night: first Hell  
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World  
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain  
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:  
If that way be your walk, you have not farr;  
So much the neerer danger; goe and speed;  
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd ; and *Satan* staid not to reply,  
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
 Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset  
 And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd  
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks :  
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd  
*Charybdis*, and by th' other whirlpool steard.  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee ;  
 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,  
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way  
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf  
 Taniely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length  
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe  
 Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse  
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
 But now at last the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
 Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimmering dawn ; here Nature first begins  
 Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire  
 As from her outmost works a brok'n foe  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
 That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease

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Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light  
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn ;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,  
Weighs his spread wings , at leasure to behold  
Farr off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd  
1050 Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat ;  
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
This pendant world , in bigness as a Starr  
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurst, and in a curst hour he hies.

*The End of the Second Book.*

P A R A-





# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK III.

**H**ail holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is  
(light,

And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't the *stygian* Pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With

### Book. 3. *Paradise lost.*

With other notes then to th' *Orphean* Lyre  
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
20 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
30 Thee *sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,  
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
40 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men  
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair  
Presented with a Universal blanc

Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd ,  
 And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou Celestial light  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

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Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
 High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view :  
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
 Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
 Beatitude past utterance ; on his right  
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
 His onely Son ; On Earth he first beheld  
 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
 Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
 In blisful solitude ; he then survey'd  
 Hell and the Gulf between, and *satan* there  
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

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Onely begotten Son, see'st thou what rage

80

Transports

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperat revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
90 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole Command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
Hee and his faithles Progenie: whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
100 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood& them who faild;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,  
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,  
Not what they would? what praise could they re-  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, (ceive?  
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)  
Useles and vain, of freedom both despoild,  
110 Made passive both, had servd necessitie,  
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse

Thir



Thir maker, or thir making , or thir Fate ;  
As if Predestination over-rul'd  
Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed  
Thir own revolt, not I : if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I formd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves : I else must change  
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree  
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : Man falls deceiv'd  
By the other first : Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none : in Mercy and Justice both,  
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,  
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

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Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd :  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
Substantially express'd, and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

140

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

I

Thy

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace ;  
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
150 For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
With his own folly ? that be from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
160 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted ? or wilt thou thy self  
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made ?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.  
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
170 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed :  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely voutsaft ; once more I will renew  
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd

By

By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd  
 Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th'incens'd Deitie, while offerd grace  
 Invites; for I will cleer thir senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endevord with sincere intent,  
 Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his feältie, and sinns  
 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
 Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,

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190

200

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

210 He with his whole Posteritie must die,  
Die hee or Justice must ; unless for him  
Som other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare ?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n : on mans behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
220 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace ;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
230 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unfought,  
Happie for man, so coming ; he her aide  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring :  
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall ;  
Account mee man ; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
240 Freely put off, and for him lastly die



Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due  
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;  
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.

250

I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

260

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend

270

won-

Wondring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :  
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
280 By losing thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,  
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joine ;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth : Be thou in *Adams* room  
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
290 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So Heav'nly love shall outdo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
300 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.

Because

Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King; all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce: 320  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal : forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge 330  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall  
And after all thir tribulations long (dwell  
See

- See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
 340 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.
- No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all  
 The multitude of Angels with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
 Th' eternal Regions : lowly reverent  
 350 Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
 To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
 And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n  
 Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream ;  
 360 With these that never fade the Spirits Elect  
 Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
 Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
 Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
 Like *Quivers* hung, and with Præamble sweet  
 Of charming symphonie they introduce

Their



*Paradise lost.*      *Book 3.*

Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n. 370

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thy self invifible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer, 380  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.

Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold ; on thee  
Imprest the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day  
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'n's everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.

Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man ; him through their malice fall'n, 400

- Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline :  
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
410 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,  
Love no where to be found less then Divine !  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.  
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
420 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darknes old,  
*Satan* alighted walks : a Globe farr off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie ;  
Save on that side which from the wallof Heav'n  
Though distant farr som small reflection gains  
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud :  
430 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,  
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,

Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids  
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the  
 Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams ; (Springs  
 But in his way lights on the barren plaines  
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive  
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggon light :  
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440  
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other Creature in this place  
 Living or liveless to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
 Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
 With vanity had filld the works of men :  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
 Or happines in this or th' other life ; 450  
 All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds ;  
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here, (dreamd ;  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have  
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants, 460  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde :  
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
 First from the ancient World thote Giants came

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :  
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:  
Others came single ; hee who to be deemd  
470 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,  
*Empedocles*, and hee who to enjoy  
*Plato's Elysium*, leap'd into the Sea,  
*Cleombrotus*, and many more too long,  
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers  
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek  
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;  
And they who to be sure of Paradise  
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,  
480 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd ;  
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
And that CrySTALLINE Sphear whose ballance weighs  
The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd ;  
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'n's Wicket seems  
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
A violent cross wind from either Coast  
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
Into the devious Air ; then might ye see  
490 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost  
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,  
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
The sport of Winds : all these upwhirld aloft  
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since calld  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long



Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste  
 His travell'd steps; farr distant hee descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
 At top whereot, but farr more rich appeerd  
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled  
 To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,  
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
 And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.  
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes  
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
 Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
 Just o're the blisful feat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,

500

510

520

Wider

Book 3.      *Paradise lost.*

Wider by farr then that of after-times  
5 o Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,  
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood  
To *Bëersaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare  
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
54o *Satan* from hence now on the lower stair  
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
Through dark and desert wayes with peril gone  
All night ; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some forein land  
First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis  
55o With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling Canopie  
Of Nights extended shade ; from Eastern Point  
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears  
*Andromeda* farr off *Atlantick* Seas  
56o Beyond th' *Horizon* ; then from Pole to Pole

He

He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,  
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570  
 He stayd not to enquire: above them all  
 The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenfes Light from farr; they as they move  
 Thir Sarry dance in numbers that compute (Lamp 580  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd  
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The Univers, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invifible vertue even to the deep:  
 So wondrously was fet his Station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590  
 The place he found beyond expreffion bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;  
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
610 That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have fought,  
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
620 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
630 No where so cleer, shar'nd his visual ray  
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:  
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;



*Paradise lost.*      *Book 3.*

Of beaming funnie Raies, a golden tiar  
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd  
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandring flight  
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
His journies end and our beginning woe.

640

But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay :  
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd ;

Under a Coronet his flowing haire.

650

In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,

Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known

Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n

Who in Gods presence, neereest to his Throne

Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes

660

That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry, (Earth  
O're Sea and Land : him *Satan* thus accostes.

*Uriel*, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will

- Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend ;  
And here art likeliest by supream decree  
670 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
To visit oft this new Creation round ;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
680 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell ;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd ;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise ;  
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happie Race of Men  
690 To serve him better : wise are all his wayes.  
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd ;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth :  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where

Where no ill seems : Which now for once beguil'd	
<i>Uriel</i> , though Regent of the Sun, and held	700
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n ;	
Who to the fraudulent Impostor soule	
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.	
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know	
The works of God, thereby to glorifie	
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess	
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise	
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither	
From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,	
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps	710
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:	
For wonderful indeed are all his works,	
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all	
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight ;	
But what created mind can comprehend	
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite	
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.	
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,	
This worlds material mould, came to a heap :	
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar	720
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;	
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,	
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung :	
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then	
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,	
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n	
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,	
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs	
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;	
Each had his place appointed, each his course,	730

- 740 The rest in circuit walles this Universe.  
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring  
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide (Moon  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n ;  
With borrowd light her countenance triform  
750 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,  
*Adams* abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
760 Throws his steep flight with many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

*The End of the Third Book.*





# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK IV.



For that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,

*Wo to the inhabitants on Earth !* that now,  
While time was, our first Parents had bin warnd  
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare ; for now  
*satan*, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell :  
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,  
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles

10

Upon

Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr  
20 The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more then from himself can fly  
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad, (Sun,  
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing  
30 Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs  
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;  
40 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:  
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less then to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high

I fdeind subjection, and thought one step higher Would fet me higheft, and in a moment quit The debt immense of endlefs gratitude, So burthenfome, ftill paying, ftill to ow; Forgetful what from him I ftill receivd, And underftood not that a grateful mind By owing owes not, but ftill pays, at once Indebted and difchargd; what burden then? O had his powerful Deftiny ordaind Me fome inferiour Angel, I had ftood	50
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd Ambition. Yet why not? fom other Power As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great Fell not, but ftand unshak'n, from within Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. Hadft thou the fame free Will and Power to ftand? Thou hadft: whom haft thou then or what to ac- But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all? (cufe, Be then his Love accurst, fince love or hate, To me alike, it deals eternal woe.	60
Nay curs'd be thou; fince againft his thy will Chofe freely what it now fo juftly rues. Me miserable! which way fhall I flie Infinite wrauth, and infinite defpaire? Which way I flie is Hell; my felf am Hell; And in the loweft deep a lower deep Still threatning to devour me opens wide, To which the Hell I fuffer feems a Heav'n. O then at laft relent: is there no place Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?	70
None left but by fubmiffion; and that word	80

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

*Disdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
Under what torments inwardly I groane ;  
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,  
80 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd  
The lower still I fall, onely Supream  
In miserie ; such joy Ambition findes.  
But say I could repent and could obtaine  
By Act of Grace my former state ; how soon  
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconcilment grow (deep :  
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so  
90 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
And heavier fall : so should I purchase deare  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher ; therefore as farr  
From granting hee, as I from begging peace :  
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this World.  
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
Farwel Remorse : all Good to me is lost ;  
100 Evil be thou my Good ; by thee at least  
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne ;  
As Manere long, and this new World shall know.  
Thus



*Paradise lost.*      Book 4.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid  
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule  
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
Each perturbation smoothe'd with outward calme, 120  
Artificer of fraud ; and was the first  
That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge :  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
*Uriel* once warnd ; whose eye pursu'd him down  
The way he went, and on th' *Affyrian* mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
Spirit of happie sort : his gestures fierce  
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130  
So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound the champain head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides  
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,  
Access deni'd ; and over head up grew  
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,  
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140  
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung :  
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large  
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.

And higher then that Wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt :  
 150 On which the Sun more glad imprefs'd his beams  
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd  
 That Lantskip : And of pure now purer aire  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales  
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile  
 160 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mozambic*, off at Sea North-East windes blow  
*Sabean* Odours from the spicie shoare  
 Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay (League  
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a  
 Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend  
 Who came thir bane, though with them better  
 Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume, (pleas'd  
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
 170 Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From *Media* post to *Egypt*, there fast bound.]

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow ;  
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext  
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way :

One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East  
On th' other side : which when th' arch-fellon saw  
Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt, 180  
At one flight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve  
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould :  
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190  
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles ;  
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould :  
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a Cormorant ; yet not true Life  
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death  
To them who liv'd ; nor on the vertue thought  
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge 200  
Of immortalitie. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heaven on Earth : for blisful Paradise  
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East

## Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

- 210 Of *Eden* planted ; *Eden* stretchd her Line  
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towns  
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
Dwelt in *Telassar* : in this pleasant soile  
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind ;  
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;  
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit  
220 Of vegetable Gold ; and next to Life  
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,  
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through *Eden* went a River large, (hill  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie  
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown  
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill  
230 Waterd the Garden ; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appeers,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs diuers, wandring many a famous Realme  
And Country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
With mazie error under pendant shades  
240 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art



*Paradise lost.*      Book 4.

<p>In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon          Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,          Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote          The open field, and where the unpierc't shade          Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,          A happy rural seat of various view ;      (Balme,          Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and          Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde          Hung amiable, <i>Hesperian</i> Fables true,          If true, here onely, and of delicious taste :          Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks          Graſing the tender herb, were interpos'd,          Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap          Offom irriguous Valley ſpread her ſtore,          Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Roſe :          Another ſide, umbrageous Grots and Caves          Of coole reſeſs, o're which the mantling Vine          Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps          Luxuriant ; mean while murmuring waters fall          Down the ſlope hills, diſperſt, or in a Lake,          That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,          Her chryſtall mirror holds, unite thir ſtreams.          The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,          Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune          The trembling leaves, while Univerſal <i>Pan</i>          Knit with the <i>Graces</i> and the <i>Hours</i> in dance          Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field          Of <i>Enna</i>, where <i>Proſerpin</i> gathring flours          Her ſelf a fairer Floure by gloomie <i>Dis</i>          Was gatherd, which coſt <i>Ceres</i> all that pain          To ſeek her through the world ; nor that ſweet          Of <i>Daphne</i> by <i>Orontes</i>, and th' inſpir'd      (Grove  <span style="float: right;"><i>Caſtalian</i></span></p>	<p>250</p> <p>260</p> <p>270</p>
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## Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

*Castalian* Spring might with this *Paradise*  
 Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyſeian* Ile  
 Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
 Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*,  
 Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son  
 Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;  
 280 Nor where *Abaffin* Kings thir iſſue Guard,  
 Mount *Amara*, though this by ſom ſuppos'd  
 True *Paradise* under the *Ethiop* Line  
 By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with ſhining Rock,  
 A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote  
 From this *Aſſyrian* Garden, where the Fiend  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
 Of living Creatures new to ſight and ſtrange:  
 Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
 290 In naked Maſteſtie ſeemd Lords of all,  
 And worthie ſeemd, for in thir looks Divine  
 The image of thir glorious Maker ſhon,  
 Truth, Wiſdome, Sanctitude ſevere and pure,  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;  
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both  
 Not equal, as thir ſex not equal ſeemd;  
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,  
 For ſoftneſſ ſhee and ſweet attractive Grace,  
 Hee for God only, ſhee for God in him:  
 300 His fair large Front and Eye ſublime declar'd  
 Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:  
 Shee as a vail down to the ſlender waſte  
 Her unadorned golden treſſes wore

Diſſhe-

Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
 As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,  
 Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,  
 Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,  
 Simplicitie and spotless innocence.

310

So pasd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill :  
 So hand in hand they pasd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in loves imbraces met,

320

*Adam* the goodliest man of men since borne  
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
 They sat them down, and after no more toil  
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
 To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease  
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
 Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours :  
 The favourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream ;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles

330

Wanted,

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befeems  
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,  
340 Alone as they. About them frisking playd  
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chafe  
In Wood or Wildernefs, Forreft or Den ;  
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
Dandl'd the Kid ; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards  
Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
To make them mirth us'd all his might, & wreathd  
His Lithe Proboscis ; clofe the Serpent fly  
Infinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His breaded train , and of his fatal guile  
350 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grafs  
Cought, and now fild with pasture gazing fat,  
Or Bedward ruminating : for the Sun  
Declin'd was hafting now with prone carrear  
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' afcending Scale  
Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rofe :  
When *Satan* ftill in gaze, as frft he ftood,  
Scarce thus at length faild fpeech recoverd fad.

O Hell ! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,  
Into our room of blifs thus high advanc't  
360 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
Little inferior ; whom my thoughts purfue  
With wonder, and could love, fo lively fhines  
In them Divine refemblance, and fuch grace  
The hand that formd them on thir fhape hath  
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh (pourd.  
Your change approaches , when all thefe delights  
Will vanifh and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your tafte is now of joy ;  
Happy ;



Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd  
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n 370  
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me, 380  
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,  
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390  
By conquering this new World, compels me now  
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.  
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high Tree  
Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,  
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
Neerer to view his prey, and unespied  
To mark what of thir state he more might learn 400  
By word or action markt: about them round

A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd  
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both  
Grip't in each paw : when *Adam* first of men  
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
410 Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
Dearer thy self then all ; needs must the Power  
That made us, and for us this ample World  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite ,  
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here  
In all this happinels, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can performe  
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires  
420 From us no other service then to keep  
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,  
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst  
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signes of power and rule  
430 Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
Over all other Creatures that possesse  
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
 His bountie, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing Plants,& tend these Flours,  
 Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom 440  
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
 Preëminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like comfort to thy self canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd 450  
 Under a shade on flours, much wondring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe  
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
 Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460  
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd  
 Bending to look on me, I started back,  
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt

- Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou see'st,  
What there thou see'st fair Creature is thy self,  
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,  
470 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies  
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee  
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare  
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human Race : what could I doe,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espie'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,  
Less winning soft, less amiable milde,  
480 Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,  
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,  
Whom sli'st thou? whom thou sli'st, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, neere'st my heart  
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear ;  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
Seis'd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
490 And wisdom , which alone is truly fair.  
So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
And meek surrender , half imbracing leand  
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast  
Naked met his under the flowing Gold  
Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight



Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*  
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds      500  
 That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
 With kisses pure : aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms  
 The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill  
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,      510  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines ;  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd

From thir own mouths ; all is not theirs it seems :  
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste : Knowledge forbid'n ?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord  
 Envie them that ? can it be sin to know,  
 Can it be death ? and do they onely stand  
 By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith ?      520

O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Thir ruine ! Hence I will excite thir minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with designe  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods ; aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die : what likelier can ensue ?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd ;

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

530 | A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
Yet happie pair ; enjoy, till I return,  
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
But with fly circumspection, and began (roam.  
Through wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his  
Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
540 | With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun  
Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
Leveld his evening Rayes : it was a Rock  
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high ;  
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.

Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat  
550 | Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night ;  
About him exercis'd Heroic Games  
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares  
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.  
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven  
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr  
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner  
From what point of his Compass to beware

560 | Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste.  
*Gabriel*, to thee thy courf by Lot hath giv'n

Charge

Charge and strict watch that to this happie place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in;  
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare  
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man  
 Gods latest Image : I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate ;  
 But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :  
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him ; one of the banisht crew  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

570

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd :

*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,  
 See farr and wide : in at this Gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come  
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour  
 No Creature thence : if Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
 But if within the circuit of these walks  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

580

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
 Beneath th' *Azores* ; whither the prime Orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd

590

Diurnal,

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth  
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold  
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend :  
Now came still Eevening on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad ;  
600 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,  
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale ;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;  
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the Firmament  
With living Saphirs : *Hesperus* that led  
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon  
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length  
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,  
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.  
610 When *Adam* thus to *Eve* : Fair Consort, th' hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long  
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest ;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,  
620 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies ;  
While other Animals unactive range,  
And of thir doings God takes no account.  
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East  
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform



Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,  
 Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth :  
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms, 630  
 That lie bestrowne unfightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd.  
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains,  
 God is thy Law, thou mine : to know no more  
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time,  
 All seasons and thir change, all please alike. 640  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest Birds ; pleasant the Sun  
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,  
 Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertil earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening milde, then silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,  
 And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train :  
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends 650  
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,  
 Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
 But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom  
 O This

Book. 4.      *Paradise lost.*

This glorious fight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?  
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
660 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,  
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise ;  
Least total darkness should by Night regaine  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
670 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
680 Both day and night : how often from the steep  
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note  
Singing thir great Creator : oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.  
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd

On

On to thir blisful Bower ; it was a place 690  
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to mans delightful use ; the roose  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
*Acanthus*, and each odorous bushie shrub  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
*Iris* all hues, Roses, and Gessamin (wrought  
 Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and  
 Mosaic ; underfoot the Violet, 700  
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay (stone  
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with  
 Of costliest Emblem : other Creature here  
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none ;  
 Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower  
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,  
*Pan* or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess  
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs  
 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed, 710  
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods  
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son  
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd  
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720  
 Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n  
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe  
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
Which we in our appointed work imployd  
Have finish't happie in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the Crown of all our blifs  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
730 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
740 These troublesom disguises which wee wear,  
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene  
*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites  
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:  
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk  
Of puritie and place and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
750 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole proprietie,  
In Paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men

Among



Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee  
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,  
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,  
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,  
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,  
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof  
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

760

770

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th'accustomd hour stood armd  
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade,  
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

780

*Uzziel*, half these draw off, and coast the South  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.

From

From these, two strong and futtle Spirits he calld  
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
*Ithuriel* and *Zepbon*, with wingd speed  
 790 Search through this Garden, leav unsearcht no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent ( who could have thought? ) e-  
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: (scap'd  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.  
 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
 800 In search of whom they sought: him there they  
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*; (found  
 Assaying by his Devilish art to reach  
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires  
 381 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure  
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine

With

With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire :

So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

820

Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd

So sudden to behold the grieslie King ;

Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell

Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,

Why satst thou like an enemy in waite

Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?

Know ye not then said *Satan*, filld with scorn,

Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare ;

830

Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,

The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain ?

To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,

Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known

As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure ;

That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,

840

Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now

Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.

But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account

To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep

This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke

Severe in youthful beautie, added grace

Invincible : abasht the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd

His loss ; but chiefly to find here observ'd

850

His

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

His lustre visibly impar'd ; yet seemd  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glorie will be wonn,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can doe  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage ;  
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,  
860 Chaumping his iron curb : to strive or flie  
He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd  
His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding  
Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind (guards  
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
*Gabriel* from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern  
*Ithuriel* and *Zephon* through the shade,  
870 And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
But faded splendor wan ; who by his gate  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest ;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd  
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,  
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.  
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
880 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right

To



To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
 Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in blifs ?

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.

*Gabriel*, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,

And such I held thee ; but this question askt

Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain ?

Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell, 890

Though thither doomd ? Thou wouldst thy self, no

And boldly venture to whatever place (doubt,

Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to

Torment with ease, & soonest recompence (change

Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;

To thee no reason ; who knowst only good,

But evil hast not tri'd : and wilt object

His will who bound us ? let him surer barr

His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay

In that dark durance : thus much what was askt. 900

The rest is true, they found me where they say ;

But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,

Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.

O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,

Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,

And now returns him from his prison scap't,

Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd ; 910

So wise he judges it to fly from pain

However , and to scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,

Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provok't.  
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
920 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they  
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,  
The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
930 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
From hard assaies and ill successes past  
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
This new created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
940 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,  
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.  
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to flie pain , professing next the Spie,  
 Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,  
*Satan*, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?  
 And thou fly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd  
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre  
 Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne  
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

950

960

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

970

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,  
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
 Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
 Us'd to the y oak, draw'ft his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.  
 While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright

980 Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes  
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd :  
 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest  
 990 Sat horror Plum'd ; nor wanted in his graspe  
 What seemd both Spear and Shield : now dreadful  
 Might have ensu'd , nor onely Paradise (deeds  
 In this commotion , but the Starrie Cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements  
 At least had gon to rack , disturbd and torne  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,  
 1000 Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battels and Realms : in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight ;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam ;  
 Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
*Satan*, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
 Neither our own but giv'n ; what follie then  
 To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more  
 1010 Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now  
 To



To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign      (weak,  
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how  
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

P A R A-



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK V.



Ow Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern  
Clime  
Advancing, low'd the Earth with  
Orient Pearle,  
When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for  
his sleep

Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only found  
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song  
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
10 His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*  
W th Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-rai's'd, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,

Shot

Shot forth peculiar Graces ; then with voice  
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

20

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,  
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksom night ; methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,  
Why sleepest thou *Eve* ? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song ; now reignes  
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowie sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment

30

40

Attracted

Book 5.      *Paradise lost.*

- Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
50 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
Of interdicted Knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day :  
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
One shap'd & wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
By us oft seen ; his dewie locks distill'd  
Ambrosia ; on that Tree he also gaz'd ;  
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
60 Nor God, nor Man ; is Knowledge so despis'd ?  
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here ?  
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme  
He pluckt, he tasted ; mee damp horror chill'd  
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold :  
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,  
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit  
70 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant growes,  
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more ?  
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,  
Partake thou also ; happie though thou art,  
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be :  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,

But



But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant favourie smell  
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
 And various: wondring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly 90  
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night  
 Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule 100  
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these *Fansie* next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,  
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic *Fansie* wakes 110

- To imitate her ; but misjoyning shapes,  
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Som such resemblances methinks I find  
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind : Which gives me hope  
120 That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more chearful and serene  
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells  
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,  
130 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire ;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell  
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.  
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.  
But first from under shadie arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
140 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,  
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East

Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Thir Orifons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, 150  
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,  
Thus wondrous fair ; thy self how wondrous then !  
Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens  
To us invisible or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:

Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160  
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoicing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170

Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,  
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light.  
180 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform ; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseles change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd skie,  
190 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise ;  
200 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk  
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us onely good ; and if the night

Have



Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts  
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.

210

On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr  
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check  
Fruitlefs imbraces: or they led the Vine

To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her mariageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld

With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd

220

*Raphael*, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd

To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd

His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

*Raphael*, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth

*Satan* from Hell scap't through the darksome Gulf

Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturbd

This night the human pair, how he designs

In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend

Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade

230

Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,

To respite his day-labour with repast,

Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,

As may advise him of his happie state,

Happiness in his power left free to will,

Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,

Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware

He swerve not too secure: tell him withall

His

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

240 His danger, and from whom, what enemie  
Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of blifs;  
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,  
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld  
All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint  
After his charge receivd; but from among  
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood  
250 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opend wide  
On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
260 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd  
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glafs  
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie  
Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing  
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann  
270 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare

Of

Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
 A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
 Bright Temple, to *Egyptian Theb's* he flies.  
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A Seraph wingd ; fix wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments Divine ; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his breast  
 With regal Ornament ; the middle pair 280  
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
 Skirted his loines and thighs with downie Gold  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n ; the third his feet  
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile  
 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands  
 Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise ;  
 For on som message high they guesd him bound. 290  
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come  
 Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
 And flouing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme ;  
 A Wilderness of sweets ; for Nature here  
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wilde above rule or Art ; enormous blifs.  
 H m through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* discernd, as in the dore he sat  
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun 300  
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme  
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* need ;  
 And

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner favourie fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,  
Berrie or Grape : to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold  
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape  
310 Comes this way moving ; seems another Morn  
Ris'n on mid-moon ; som great behest from Heav'n  
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,  
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our Heav'nly stranger ; well we may afford  
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
320 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve. Adam*, earths hallowd mould,  
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes :  
But I will haste and from each bough and break,  
Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice  
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee  
Beholding shall confesse that here on Earth  
330 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix

Tastes,



Tastes, not well joyn'd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change,  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds  
In *India* East or West, or middle shoare  
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,  
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape  
She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes  
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.  
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet  
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompani'd then with his own compleat  
Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits  
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long  
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold  
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,  
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,  
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess

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360

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre  
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
370 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.  
*Adam*, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n  
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre  
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise  
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd  
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
380 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair  
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
390 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God  
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf  
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
And on her ample Square from side to side  
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
All



# Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heate  
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; it by fire  
 440 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimiſt  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold  
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*  
 Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 450 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose  
 In *Adam*, not to let th'occasion pass  
 Given him by this great Conference to know  
 Of things above his World, and of thir being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
 460 Thus to th' Emphyreal Minister he fram'd.  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,



Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed : yet what com-

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd. (pare?

O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom

All things proceed, and up to him return,

If not deprav'd from good, created all

Such to perfection, one first matter all,

Indu'd with various forms, various degrees

Of substance, and in things that live , of life ;

But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,

As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending

Each in thir severall active Sphears assignd,

Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportiond to each kind. So from the root (leaves

Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the

More aerie, last the bright consummate floure

Spirits odorous breathes : flours and thir fruit

Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd

To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,

To intellectual, give both life and sense,

Fansie and understanding, whence the soule

Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive, or Intuitive ; discourse

Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,

Differing but in degree, of kind the same.

Wonder not then, what God for you saw good

If I refuse not, but convert, as you,

To proper substance ; time may come when men

With Angels may participate, and find

470

480

490

No

Book. 5. *Paradise lost.*

No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare :  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend  
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice  
500 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;  
If ye be found obedient , and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire  
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happie state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.  
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
510 From center to circumference, whereon  
In contemplation of created things  
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found  
Obedient ?* can wee want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert  
Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
520 Attend : That thou art happie, owe to God ;  
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.  
This was that caution giv'n thee ; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;  
And good he made thee , but to persevere  
He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will

By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity ;  
Our voluntarie service he requires,  
Not our necessitated, such with him  
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By Destinie, and can no other choose ?  
My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds ;  
On other surety none ; freely we serve.

530

Because wee freely love, as in our will  
To love or not ; in this we stand or fall :  
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell ; O fall  
From what high state of blifs into what woe !

540

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted eare  
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when  
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
Aereal Music send : nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free ;

Yet that we never shall forget to love

550

Our maker, and obey him whose command  
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellest  
Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard ;

And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun

Had

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

560 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*  
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And perfect while they stood; how last unfould  
The secrets of another world, perhaps

570 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best, though what if Earth  
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein  
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde  
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth  
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day (now rests  
580 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future) on such day  
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreall  
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd, (Host  
Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd  
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright  
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,  
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare  
590 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve



Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees ;  
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd  
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes  
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,  
By whom in blis imbosom'd sat the Son,  
A midst as from a flaming Mount, whoseop  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, (ers, 600  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-  
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare  
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand ; your Head I him appoint ;  
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow  
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confesse him Lord :

Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
United as one individual Soule 610  
For ever happie : him who disobeyes  
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place  
Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.  
That day, as other solem dayes, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,  
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare 620  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem :  
 And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
 So smoothes her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
 Listens delighted. Eevning approachd  
 (For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need)  
 630 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
 With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows :  
 In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
 They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet  
 Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who  
 With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy. (showrd  
 Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd  
 640 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd  
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there  
 In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,  
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng  
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend  
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
 650 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,  
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept (course  
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir  
 Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne  
 Alternate all night long : but not so wak'd

*Satan,*

*Satan*, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more Heav'n ; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
 In favour and præeminence, yet fraught  
 With envie against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not beare  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-  
 Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain, (paird.  
 Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, and obey'd the Throne supream  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

660

Sleepest thou Companion dear, what sleep can  
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree (close  
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
 Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart ;  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd ;  
 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may  
 In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate (raise  
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief ;  
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night  
 Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me thir Banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The Quarters of the North, there to prepare

670

680

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Fit entertainment to receive our King  
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
690 Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.  
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
Of his Associate; hee together calls,  
Or severall one by one, the Regent Powers,  
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,  
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,  
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
700 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to found  
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides  
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Host:  
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
710 And from within the golden Lamps that burne  
Nightly before him, saw without thir light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.  
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Nerly it now concernes us to be sure



Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North ;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie  
 In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

720

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer  
 Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at thir vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power  
 Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

730

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers  
 Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host  
 Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,  
 Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
 Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies  
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
 All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
 Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
 And all the Sea, from one entire globe

740

750

Stretcht

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd  
At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,  
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, hee  
760 Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of thir King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues,  
770 If these magnific Titles yet remain (Powers,  
Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross't  
All Power, and us eclips't under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This onely to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
780 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
But what if better counsels might erect

Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know your selves  
 Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then or right assume  
 Monarchie over such as live by right  
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
 In freedome equal? or can introduce  
 Law and Edict on us, who without law  
 Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration to th' abuse  
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

790

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule  
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
*Abdiel*, then whom none with more zeale ador'd  
 The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

800

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
 In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne  
 The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,  
 That to his only Son by right endu'd  
 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due

810

Confess

Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let Reigne,  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
820 With him the points of libertie, who made  
Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good, and of our dignitie  
How provident he is, how farr from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happie state under one Head more neer  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
830 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,  
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
As by his Word the mighty Father made  
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n  
By him created in thir bright degrees,  
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-  
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd, (ers  
But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
840 One of our number thus reduc't becomes,  
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
Th'incens'd Father, and th'incens'd Son,  
While Pardon may be found in time besought.  
So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale



None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.  
That we were form'd then saist thou? & the work 850  
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd  
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who  
When this creation was? rememberst thou (saw  
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
We know no time when we were not as now;  
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd  
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature 860  
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.  
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause 870  
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
Forso'k'n of all good; I see thy fall  
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth

880 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
Of Gods *Messiah* ; those indulgent Laws  
Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees  
Against thee are gon forth without recall ;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
890 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,  
Among the faithles, faithful only hee ;  
Among innumerable false , unmov'd,  
Unshak'n , uneduc'd, unterrifi'd  
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale ;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
900 Though single. From amidst them forth he pasd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

P A R A-



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VI.



ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſu'd  
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held  
his way, till Morn,  
Wak't by the circling Hours, with  
roſie hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There  
is a Cave

Within the Mount of God, faſt by his Throne,  
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round  
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through  
Grateful viciffitude, like Day and Night; (Heav'n  
Light iſſues forth, and at the other dore  
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her houre (well  
To veile the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might  
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, arrayd in Gold  
Empyrean, from before her vaniſht Night,

10

## Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

- Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain  
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found  
20 Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported: gladly then he mixt  
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one  
Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supream; from whence a voice  
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.  
Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
30 The better fight, who single hast maintaind  
Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;  
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born  
Universal reproach, far worse to beare  
Then violence: for this was all thy care  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
40 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,  
And thou in Military prowess next  
*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battel these my Sons

Invin-



Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight ;  
Equal in number to that Godless crew  
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide  
His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began  
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe  
Of wrauth awak't : nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow :  
At which command the Powers Militant,  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd  
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause  
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move  
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious Hill,  
Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
Thir perfet ranks ; for high above the ground  
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
Thir nimble tread ; as when the total kind  
Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
Came summond over *Eden* to receive  
Thir names of thee ; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last

- 80 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd  
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht  
In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
The banded Powers of *satan* hastning on  
With furious expedition ; for they weend  
That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne  
To set the envier of his State, the proud  
90 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid way : though strange to us it seemd  
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
Hymning th' Eternal Father : but the shout  
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God  
100 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate  
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields ;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length : before the cloudie Van,  
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
*satan* with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,  
110 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold ;

*Abdiel* that fight endur'd not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie  
Remain not; wherefore should not strength & might  
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove  
Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,  
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd  
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,  
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

120

So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens't, and thus securely him desi'd.

130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have  
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd, (reacht  
The Throne of God ungarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power  
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;  
Who out of smallest things could without end  
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
Unaided could have finish't thee, and whelmd  
Thy Legions under darknes; but thou seest

140

All

## Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

All are not of thy Train ; there be who Faith  
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent  
From all : my Sect thou see'st, now learn too late  
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
150 Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre  
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
160 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest : this pause between  
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know ;  
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n  
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one ; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Ministring Spirits, trair'd up in Feast and Song ;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
Servilitie with freedom to contend,

170 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.  
Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name



Of *servitude* to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;  
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve  
 In Heav'n God ever blessed, and his Divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while  
 From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

180

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no fight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield  
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
 Heback recoild; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth  
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way  
 Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat  
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seisd  
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,  
 Prefage of Victorie and fierce desire  
 Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound  
 Th' Arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n  
 It founded, and the faithful Armies rung  
*Hosanna* to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd

190

200

210 The horrid shock : now storming furie rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles  
Of brazen Chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
Sounder fierie Cope together rush'd  
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heav'n  
Refounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth  
Had to her Center shook. What wonder ? when  
220 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could weild  
These Elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all thir Regions : how much more of Power  
Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat ;  
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
And limited thir might ; though numberd such  
230 As each divided Legion might have seemd  
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
A Legion ; led in fight, yet Leader seemd  
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim Warr ; no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argu'd fear ; each on himself reli'd,

As onely in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victorie ; deeds of eternal fame 240  
 Were don, but infinite : for wide was spred  
 That Warr and various ; somtimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the Air ; all Air seemd then  
 Conflcting Fire : long time in eeven scale  
 The Battel hung ; till *Satan*, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes  
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd 250  
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
 Oftenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
 A vast circumference : At his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown 260  
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seeft  
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd  
 Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy Rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright

And 270

And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here  
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.  
Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,  
Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
280 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind  
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats  
To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style  
290 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,  
I flie not, but have fought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
300 Human imagination to such highth  
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms



Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
 Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire  
 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
 Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,  
 Among the Constellations warr were sprung,  
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,  
 Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.  
 Together both with next to Almighty Arme,  
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeate,  
 As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd  
 In might or swift prevention; but the sword  
 Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God  
 Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid  
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd  
 All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.

310

320

330

Forth-

Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields  
 Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of warr; there they him laid  
 340 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:  
 350 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd  
 Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array  
 Of *Moloch* furious King, who him desir'd,  
 And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound  
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n  
 360 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes  
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,  
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmodai*,  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods  
 Disdain'd,

Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in thir flight,  
Mangl'd with gashly wounds through Plate and  
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy (Maile.  
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow  
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence

370

Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and thir names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort  
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,  
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires  
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:  
Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

380

And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap  
Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld  
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

390

400 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:  
Such high advantages thir innocence  
Gave them above thir foes, not to have finnd,  
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd  
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious din of Warr:  
410 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughthen field  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,  
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappeerd,  
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;  
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes  
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,  
420 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,  
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,  
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,  
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)  
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send  
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem him, though till now  
430 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
Some



Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
 Since now we find this our Emphyreal forme  
 Incapable of mortal injurie  
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small as easie think  
 The remedie ; perhaps more valid Armes,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds ,  
 In Nature none : if other hidden cause  
 Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

440

He sat ; and in th' assembly next upstood  
*Nisroc*, of Principalities the prime;  
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight ,  
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armesto havoc hewn,  
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.  
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods ; yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,  
 Against unpaid, impassive ; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue ; for what availes (pain  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps , and not repine,  
 But live content, which is the calmest life :  
 But pain is perfet miserie, the worst

450

460

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Of evils, and excessive, overturnes  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme  
Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves  
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

- Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.  
470 Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Beleivst so main to our success, I bring;  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,  
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht  
480 With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hallow Engins long and round  
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
From far with thundring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands  
490 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind

Think

*Paradise lost.*      Book 6.

Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere  
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee  
To be th' inventer mis'd, so easie it seemd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have 500  
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race      (thought  
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
With dev'lish machination might devise  
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd  
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510  
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude  
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
They found, they mingl'd, and with futtle Art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store conveyd  
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth  
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unesp'd.  
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,  
Soon banded ; others from the dawning Hills  
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed  
530 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, (scoure,  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in alt : him soon they met  
Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in flow  
But firm Battalion ; back with speediest Sail  
*Zophiel*, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.

Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day, fear not his flight ; so thick a Cloud  
540 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure : let each  
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,  
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling showr,  
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment ;  
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,  
550 And onward move Embattelld ; when behold  
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
Approaching gros and huge ; in hollow Cube  
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
*satan* : And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould ;  
That



That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open brest  
Stand readie to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,  
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
Freely our part : yee who appointed stand  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

560

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front  
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.

570

Which to oureyes discoverd new and strange,  
A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid  
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd  
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr  
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes  
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,

Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,

580

Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,  
From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose  
Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air, (roar  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail  
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host

590

Level'd

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

- Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,  
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd ;  
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might  
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
Foule diffipation follow'd and forc't rout ;  
Nor serv'd it to relax thir ferried files.
- 600 What should they do ? if on they rusht, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to thir foes a laughter ; for in view  
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
In posture to displode thir second tire  
Of Thunder : back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* behe!d thir plight,  
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
- 610 O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?  
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,  
To entertain them fair with open Front (terms  
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded  
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd  
Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
For joy of offerd peace : but I suppose  
If our proposals once again were heard  
We should compel them to a quick result.
- 620 To whom thus *Belial* in like gamefom mood.  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
Such

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine  
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond  
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might

630

To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
And all his Host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.

Forthwith ( behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd )

Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills

( For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n

640

Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale )

Light as the Lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,

From thir foundations loosning to and fro

They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,

Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops

Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,

Be sure, and terrour feis'd the rebel Host,

When coming towards them so dread they saw

The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,

Till on those curfed Engins triple-row

650

They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence

Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,

Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads

Main Promontories flung, which in the Air

Came

- Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,  
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and brus'd  
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
660 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest in imitation to like Armes  
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills up tore;  
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;  
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt  
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n  
670 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.  
680 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,  
Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,  
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,  
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame  
These



These disobedient ; fore hath been thir fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd ;  
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,  
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd,  
 Savewhat sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom ;  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found :  
 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines, (makes  
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which  
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.  
 Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine ;  
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr  
 Have sufferd , that the Glorie may be thine  
 Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
 Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know  
 In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,  
 And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
 By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,  
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles  
 That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,  
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh ;  
 Pursue these sons of Darknes, drive them out  
 From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep :  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

690

700

710

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

720 He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct  
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst  
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
As is most just ; this I my Glorie account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will  
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.

730 Scepter and Power,thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st :  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,  
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
To chains of Darknes, and th' undying Worm,

740 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
Unfained *Halleluiabs* to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,  
And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-

750 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (wind sound  
Flashing

Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele un-  
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd      (drawn,  
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all  
 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the  
 Of Beril, and careering Fires between;      (Wheels  
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,  
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.  
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd  
 Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,  
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen :  
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the CrySTALLIN Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n :  
 Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd  
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
 Under thir Head imbodied all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd ;  
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went

760

770

780

Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,  
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?  
But to convince the proud what Signs avail,  
790 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent ?  
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,  
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall  
In universal ruin last, and now  
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,  
Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God  
800 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest ;  
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don  
Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs,  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints ;  
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd  
810 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold  
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd  
By mee ; not you but mee they have despis'd,  
Yet envied ; against mee is all thir rage,  
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream  
Kingdom



Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,  
Hath honourd me according to his will.  
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath affig'n'd ;  
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee  
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excells ;  
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

820

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd  
His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.  
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound  
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.

830

Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
Gloomie as Night ; under his burning Wheelles  
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd ; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
Plagues ; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
All courage ; down thir idle weapons drop'd ;  
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
That wish'd the Mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

840

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows , from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,

Distinct

Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 850 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,  
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n :  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard  
 Of Goats or timorous flock together throngd  
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 860 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
 Into the wastful Deep ; the monstrous sight  
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselvs they threw  
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrath  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled  
 Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
 870 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine dayes they fell ; confounded *Chaos* roard,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall  
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout  
 Incumberd him with ruin : Hell at last  
 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
 Unquench-

Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaird  
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.

Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes

880

*Messiah* his triumphal Chariot turnd :

To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood

Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,

With Jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,

Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,

Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,

Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,

Worthiest to Reign : he celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts

And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd

890

On high ; who into Glorie him receav'd,

Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on

At thy request, and that thou maist beware (Earth

By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd

What might have else to human Race bin hid ;

The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n

Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall

Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld

With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,

900

Who now is plotting how he may seduce

Thee also from obedience, that with him

Bereavd of happines thou maist partake

His punishment, Eternal miserie ;

Which would be all his solace and revenge,

As a despite don against the most High,

Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.

But

Book 6.

*Paradise lost.*

910 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne  
Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard  
By terrible Example the reward  
Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

P A R A-





# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VII.



Descend from Heav'n *Urania*, by  
that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose  
Voice divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian*  
Hill I soare,

Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call : for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,

Z

Thy

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- Thy tempring ; with like safetie guided down  
Return me to my Native Element :  
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, though from a lower Clime)  
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall  
20 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare ;  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
In darkness, and with dangers compass't round,  
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
30 Purples the East : still govern thou my Song,  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few. }  
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance  
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race  
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard  
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares  
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
Both Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
For thou art Heav'n lie, shee an empty dreame.  
40 Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,  
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
*Adam* by dire example to beware  
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven  
To those Apostates, least the like befall  
In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,

*Paradise lost.*      Book 7.

If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obeyd amid the choice  
Of all taſts elſe to pleaſe thir appetite,  
Though wandring. He with his comforted *Eve* 50  
The ſtorie heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration, and deep Muſe to heare  
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to thir thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
And Warr ſo neer the Peace of God in bliſs  
With ſuch confuſion : but the evil ſoon  
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe  
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix  
With Bleſſedneſs. Whence *Adam* ſoon repeal'd 60  
The doubts that in his heart aroſe : and now  
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know  
What neerer might concern him, how this World  
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,  
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,  
What within *Eden* or without was done  
Before his memorie, as one whoſe drouth  
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtreame,  
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,  
Proceeded thusto aſk his Heav'nly Gueſt.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares, 70  
Farr differing from this World, thou haſt reveal'd  
Divine Interpreter, by favour ſent  
Down from the Emphyrean to forewarne  
Us timely of what might elſe have bin our loſs,  
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:  
For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment  
Receave with ſolemne purpoſe to obſerve

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- 80 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast voutfaſt  
Gently for our inſtruction to impart  
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd  
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeemd,  
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate  
What may no leſs perhaps avails us known,  
How firſt began this Heav'n which we behold  
Diſtant ſo high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
90 All ſpace, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cauſe  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Reſt  
Through all Eternitie ſo late to build  
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how ſoon  
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou maiſt unfold  
What wee, not to explore the ſecrets aſke  
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more  
To magnifie his works, the more we know.  
And the great Light of Day yet wantsto run  
Much of his Race though ſteep, ſuſpenſ in Heav'n  
100 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,  
And longer will delay to heare thee tell  
His Generation, and the riſing Birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep :  
Or if the Starr of Eevening and the Moon  
Haſte to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
Silence, and Sleep liſtning to thee will watch,  
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy Song  
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the Morning ſhine.  
Thus *Adam* his illuſtrous Gueſt beſought :  
110 And thus the Godlike Angel anſwerd milde.

This



This also thy request with caution askt  
Obtaine : though to recount Almightye works  
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire

Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisable King,  
Onely Omniscient, hath suppress't in Night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven :  
Anough is left besides to search and know.

120

But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain,  
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns  
Wildom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde,

130

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)  
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
Into his place, and the great Son returnd  
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld  
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the feat  
Of Deitie supream, us dispossess't,

140

He

- He trusted to have feis'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;  
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,  
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines  
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes  
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
With Ministeries due and solemne Rites :  
150 But least his heart exalt him in the harme  
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another World, out of one man a Race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,  
160 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, & Heav'n to Earth,  
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don :  
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
170 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.  
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake

His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
Then time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n  
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace :  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
And th' habitations of the just ; to him  
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create, in stead  
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring  
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
So sang the Hierarchies : Mean while the Son  
On his great Expedition now appear'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd  
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love  
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhon.  
About his Chariot numberleſs were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
From the Armoury of God, where ſtand of old  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſt at hand,  
Celeſtial Equipage ; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,  
Attendant on thir Lord : Heav'n op'nd wide  
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious ſound

180

190

200

On

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
- 210 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyfs  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.  
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end :  
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
- 220 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn ;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice : him all his Train  
Follow'd in bright proceffion to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things :  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
- 230 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,  
This be thy just Circumference, O World.  
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void : Darknes profound  
Cover'd th' Abyfs : but on the watrie calme  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,  
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs

Adverse



Adverse to life : then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to several place      240  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
To journie through the airie gloom began,  
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
Was not ; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere      250  
Divided : Light the Day, and Darkness Night  
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld ;  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth ; with joy and shout  
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd  
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.      260

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament  
Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
The Waters from the Waters : and God made  
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great Round : partition firm and sure,  
The Waters underneath from those above  
Dividing : for as Earth, so hee the World  
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide      270

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Cryfallin Ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament : So Eev'n  
And Morning *Chorus* fung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
Appeer'd not : over all the face of Earth  
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
280 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,  
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture, when God said  
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.  
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer  
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave  
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie :  
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
290 Capacious bed of Waters : thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie ;  
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
On the swift floods : as Armies at the call  
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,  
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
300 Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With Serpent error wandering, found thir way,  
And

And on the w<sup>th</sup>ie Oose deep Channels wore ;  
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas :  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
Put forth the verdant Grasse, Herb yeilding Seed, 310  
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind ;  
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender Grasse, whose verdure clad  
Her Universal Face with pleasant green ,  
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd  
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept 320  
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
Embattell'd in her field : add the humble Shrub,  
And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit : last  
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred  
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd  
Thir Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were  
With tufts the vallies & each fountain side, (crownd,  
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt (dwell, 330  
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each

Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good :  
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

- Again th'Almightie spake : Let there be Lights  
340 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide  
The Day from Night ; and let them be for Signes,  
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To give Light on the Earth ; and it was so.  
And God made two great Lights, great for thir use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
The lesse by Night alterne : and made the Starrs,  
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
350 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
And Light from Darknes to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great Work, that it was good :  
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightfom first,  
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,  
And sowed with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field :  
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
360 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns ;



By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So farr remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
 Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
 His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray  
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
 Shedding sweet influence: les bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in leveld West was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd  
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
 Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.

370

380

And God said, let the Waters generate  
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.  
 And God created the great Whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by thir kindes,  
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;  
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;  
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.

390

Forth-

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

400 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay  
With Frie innumerable swarine, and Shoales  
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales  
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
Bank the mid Sea : part single or with mate  
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves  
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
In jointed Armour watch : on smooth the Seale,  
410 And bended Dolphins play : part huge of bulk  
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
Tempest the Ocean : there Leviathan  
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.  
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares  
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that  
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd (soon  
420 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge  
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime  
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect ; there the Eagle and the Stork  
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build :  
Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise  
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's  
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing  
430 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane

Her

Her annual Voiage, born on Windes ; the Aire  
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
Solac'd the Woods, and spread thir painted wings  
Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
Thir downie Brest ; the Swan with Arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rows  
Her state with Oarie feet : yet oft they quit  
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
The mid Aereal Skie : Others on ground  
Walk'd firm ; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train  
Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

440

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,  
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,  
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,  
Limb'd and full grown : out of the ground up rose  
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns  
In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den ;  
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd :  
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green :  
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.

450

460

The

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,  
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
In Hillocks ; the swift Stag from under ground  
470 Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould  
*Bekemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
His vastness : Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,  
As Plants : ambiguous between Sea and Land  
The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or Worme ; those wav'd thir limber fans  
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
In all the Liveries deckt of Summers pride  
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green :  
480 These as a line thir long dimension drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
Minims of Nature ; some of Serpent kinde  
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept  
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
Of Commonaltie : swarming next appeer'd  
490 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
With Honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,  
And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them  
Needlest to thee repeaed ; nor unknown (Names,  
The



The Serpent futtle'ft Beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent fomtimes, with brazen Eyes  
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie fhon, and rowld  
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand  
 First wheeld thir courfe; Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovly fmil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was fwum, was walkt  
 Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end  
 Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone  
 And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
 With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect  
 His Stature, and upright with Front ferene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
 Directed in Devotion, to adore  
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee  
 Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

500

510

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he form'd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
 The breath of Life; in his own Image hee

520

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Created thee, in the Image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy comfort  
530 Femal for Race; then blest'd Mankinde, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st  
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
540 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th'Earth yeelds,  
Varietie without end; but of the Tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;  
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
550 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day:  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created World  
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Followd with acclamation and the sound

Sympho-

Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies : the Earth, the Aire 560  
 Resounded , (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)  
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
 The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,  
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in  
 The great Creator from his work returnd  
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World ;  
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne 570  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged Messengers  
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung  
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led  
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
 Abroad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,  
 Seen in the Galaxie , that Milkie way  
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580  
 Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Sea-  
 Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun (venth  
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,  
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne  
 Of Godhead , fixt for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and fate him down  
 With his great Father (for he also went  
 Invisble, yet staid (such priviledge  
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590

Author and end of all things, and from work  
 Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the Seav'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire  
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
 Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds  
 600 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.  
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite  
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or  
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return (tongue  
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day  
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
 Is greater then created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
 610 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine  
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view  
 On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;  
 620 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's  
 Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st



Thir seasons : among these the seat of men,  
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,  
 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
 Created in his Image, there to dwell  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
 Holy and just : thrice happie if they know  
 Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

630

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,  
 With *Halleluiahs* : Thus was Sabbath kept.  
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
 How first this World and face of things began,  
 And what before thy memorie was don  
 From the beginning, that posteritie  
 Informd by thee might know ; if else thou seekst  
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

640

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
 Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't  
 This friendly condescention to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 VVith wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glorie attributed to the high  
 Creator ; some thing yet of doubt remaines,  
 VVhich onely thy solution can resolve.

650

VVhen I behold this goodly Frame, this VVorld  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
 Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,

An

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Thir distance argues and thir swift return  
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
660 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night ; in all thir vast survey  
Useles besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler Bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
670 That better might with farr less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines  
Her end without least motion, and receaves,  
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.  
So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*  
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight ,  
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
680 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her Nurserie ; they at her coming sprung  
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her eare

Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*Adam* relating, the sole Auditress ;  
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather ; hee, she knew would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went ;  
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot Darts of desire  
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And *Raphael* now to *Adam*'s doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

690

700

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne  
 His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares :  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire ; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
 Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild  
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive

710

To

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
720 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb :  
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guesse,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That Bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The lesse not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receivæes  
The benefit : consider first, that Great  
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence : the Earth  
Though, in comparision of Heav'n, so small,  
730 Nor glistering, may of solid good containe  
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,  
Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth ; there first receavd  
His beams, unactive else, thir vigor find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.  
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak  
The Makers high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr ;  
740 That Man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could adde  
Speed almost Spiritual ; mee thou thinkest not flow,  
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
750 In *Eden*, distance inexpressible



By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd ;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,  
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs 760  
By his attractive vertue and thir own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In fix thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different Motions move?  
Which else to severall Sphears thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift 770  
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
Of Day and Night ; which needs not thy beleefe,  
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
Travelling East, and with her part averie  
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night 780  
This Earth ? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
Feilds and Inhabitants : Her spots thou seest

As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate  
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
Communicating Male and Femal Light,  
Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
790 For such vast room in Nature unpossess  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimpse of Light, conveyd so farr  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
800 Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy faire *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high  
810 To know what passes there; be lowlie wife:  
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;  
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we our selves  
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions  
 But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave (vaine.  
 Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and futtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
 And renders us in things that most concerne  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
 Of somthing not unseasonable to ask  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was don  
 Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
 My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
 And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
 How futtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:

820

830

840

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
850 And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill, (vine  
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Di-  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
860 Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
870 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Least hee incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;

But



*Paradise lost.*    Book 7.

But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song, 880  
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thywords no less then thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
For Man to tell how human Life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep 890  
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid

In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and funnie Plaines,  
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these, 900

Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.  
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:

But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light, 910  
And

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power præeminent;  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier then I know.
- 920 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours  
Pensive I fate me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seisd  
My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
- 930 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,  
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
- 940 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,  
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees  
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
Of

Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,  
Prefence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw  
In adoration at his feet I fell

Submits: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,  
Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee or beneath.

This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:  
Of every Tree that in the Garden grows  
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:

But of the Tree whose operation brings  
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set  
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgreest, inevitably thou shalt dye;

From that day mortal, and this happie State  
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd

The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

Not

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy Race I give ; as Lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
980 After thir kindes ; I bring them to receave  
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
With low subjection ; understand the same  
Of Fish within thir watry residence,  
Not hither summond, since they cannot change  
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
Approaching two and two, These cowering low  
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
Inam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
990 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd  
My sudden apprehension : but in these  
I found not what me thought I wanted still ;  
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,  
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
And all this good to man, for whose well being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal  
1000 Thou hast provided all things : but with mee  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or all enjoying, what contentment find ?  
Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.  
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth

With



With various living creatures, and the Aire  
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly ; with these  
 Find pastime, and beare rule ; thy Realm is large.  
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

1010

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set ?

Among unequals what societie  
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight ?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Giv'n and receiv'd ; but in disparitie

1020

The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike : Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort ; they rejoyce

Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness ;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd ;

1030

Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape ;  
 Worst then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

A nice and suttle happiness I see  
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice  
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
1040 What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessest  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all Eternitie, for none I know  
Second to mee or like, equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold converse  
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferiour, infinite descents  
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?  
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
1050 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagat, already infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
But Man by number is to manifest  
1060 His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his Image multipl'd,  
In unitie defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and deereft amitie.  
Thou in thy secrecie although alone,  
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of Union or Communion, deis'd;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
1070 From prone, nor in their wayes complacence find.

Thus

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,  
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still ; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such companie as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,  
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet :  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

1080

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,  
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth  
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
Of Fancie my interr.al sight, by which  
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;  
Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took

1090

1100

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd: (wound,  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
1110 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
1120 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,  
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every gesture dignitie and love.  
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.  
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
1130 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe

Father



Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere ;  
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,

Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,

1140

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
The more desirable, or to say all,

Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;

I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
I led her blushing like the Morn : all Heav'n,

And happie Constellations on that houre  
Shed thir selectest influence ; the Earth

1150

Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill ;

Joyous the Birds ; fresh Gales and gentle Aires

Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings

Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night

Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Starr

On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought  
My Storie to the sum of earthly blifs

Which I enjoy, and must confess to find

1160

In all things else delight indeed, but such

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire, these delicacies

I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, & Flours,

Walks, and the melodie of Birds ; but here

Farr otherwise, transported I behold,

Transf.

## Book 7.    *Paradise lost.*

Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
1170 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More then enough ; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate , of inward less exact.  
For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
1180 In outward also her resembling less  
His Image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, vertuoufests, discreetest, best ;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
1190 Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes ;  
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir feat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.  
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part ;

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
Not thy subjection : weigh with her thy self ;  
Then value : Oft times nothing profits more  
Then self esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,  
And to realities yeild al her shows ;  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast ; which would not be  
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findest  
Attractive, human, rational, love still ;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not ,  
Wherein true Love consists not ; love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause

1200

1210

1220

1230

Among

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.

Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes

(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)

So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love

1240 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule ;

Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.

Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing ; yet still free

Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
1250 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide ;

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask ;

Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love  
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,

Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happie, and without Love no happiness.

Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
1260 (And pure thou wert created ) we enjoy

Ineminence, and obstacle find none

Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs :

Easier



Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
 Desiring ; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.  
 But I can now no more ; the parting Sun  
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
*Hesperian* fets, my Signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command ; take heed least Passion sway  
 Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will  
 Would not admit ; thine and of all thy Sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac't ; beware.

1270

I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
 And all the Blest : stand fast ; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies,  
 Perfet within, no outward aid require ;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

1280

So saying, he arose ; whom *Adam* thus  
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
 Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
 With grateful Memorie : thou to mankind  
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
 From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

1290



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VIII.



O more of talk where God or Angel  
Guest  
With Man, as with his Friend, famili-  
us'd  
To fit indulgent, and with him  
partake

Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change  
Those Notes to Tragic ; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience : On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
10 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
Deaths Harbinger : Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth

Of

Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd  
 Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall ; or rage  
 Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,  
 Or *Neptun's* ire or *Juno's*, that so long  
 Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son;  
 If answerable style I can obtaine  
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes  
 Her nightly vilitation unimplor'd,  
 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse :  
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
 Pleas'd me long choos'ing, and beginning late ;  
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief maistrise to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights  
 In Battels feign'd ; the better fortitude  
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
 Unfung ; or to describe Races and Games,  
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds ;  
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights  
 At Joust and Torneament ; then marshal'd Feast  
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals ;  
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name  
 To Person or to Poem. Mee of these  
 Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument  
 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,

20

30

40

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

- The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring  
50 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter  
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:  
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats  
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd  
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
60 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd  
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim  
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
He circl'd, four times crois'd the Carr of Night  
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
70 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the  
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise (change,  
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;  
In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Mæotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;



Downward as farr Antartic; and in length  
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd  
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes  
*Ganges* and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd  
With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found  
The Serpent futtlest Beast of all the Field.  
Him after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,  
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native futtleie  
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieve  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would build?  
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concentrating all thir precious beams  
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appears

- Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walk't thee round  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
 Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crown'd,  
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 120 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'n's Supream;  
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For onely in destroying I finde ease  
 130 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days  
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
 140 Not longer then since I in one Night freed  
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng

*Paradise lost.*      Book 8.

Of his adorers : hee to be aveng'd,  
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild  
More Angels to Create, if they at least  
Are his Created or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original, 150  
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils : What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie !  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Thir earthie Charge : Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde 160  
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent ! that I who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd ;  
But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
Descend to ? who aspires must down as low  
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last 170  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles ;  
Let it ; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes

Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

180 So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
 The Serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles :  
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
 Fearless unfeard he slept : in at his Mouth  
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 190 With act intelligential ; but his sleep  
 Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
 Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne  
 In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd  
 Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,  
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
 With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair  
 And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
 200 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires :  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Thir growing work : for much thir work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
 And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

*Adam*, well may we labour still to dresse  
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.

Our



Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,      210  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Tending to wilde. 'Thou therefore now advise  
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,  
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I  
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
 With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon :  
 For while so near each other thus all day      220  
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.  
 Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare above all living Creatures deare,  
 Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd  
 How we might best fulfill the work which here      230  
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, then to studie household good,  
 And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

240 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,  
To brute deny'd, and are of Love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toils, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to Reason join'd. (hands  
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt  
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us : But if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
250 And short retirement urges sweet returne.  
But other doubt possesses me, least harm  
Befall thee sever'd from me ; for thou know'st  
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each  
260 To other speedie aide might lend at need ;  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more ;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
270 To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,

As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
That such an Enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learne,  
And from the parting Angel over-heard  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

280

His violence thou fearst not, being such,  
As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
Can either not receive, or can repell.  
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs  
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't; (breast,  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy  
*Adam*, misstought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.

290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,  
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.

For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperfes  
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff

Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne

And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,

300

If such affront I labour to avert

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
310 Access in every Vertue, in thy fight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care  
And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who thought  
320 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
Single with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?  
Put harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
330 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feard  
By us? who rather double honour gaine  
From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,  
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And



And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unaffaid  
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind ?  
 Let us not then suspect our happie State  
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Fraile is our happines, if this be so,  
 And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

340

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordaind them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
 Or ought that might his happie State secure,  
 Secure from outward force ; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power :  
 Against his will he can receive no harme.  
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will  
 To do what God expressely hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
 Were better, and most likelie if from mee  
 Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.

350

360

Wouldst

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

- Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
370 But if thou think, trial unfought may finde  
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*  
Persisted, yet submits, though last, repli'd.  
With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
380 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least fought,  
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
*Oread* or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self  
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
390 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.  
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,  
Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled  
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,  
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.  
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Of he to her his charge of quick returne	
Repeated, thee to him as oft engag'd	400
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,	
And all things in best order to invite	
Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.	
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless <i>Eve</i> ,	
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!	
Thou never from that houre in Paradise	
Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;	
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades	
Waited with hellish rancor imminent	
To intercept thy way, or send thee back	410
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.	
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,	
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,	
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde	
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them	
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.	
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft	
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,	
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,	
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet	420
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find	
<i>Eve</i> separate, he wish'd, but not with hope	
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,	
Beyond his hope, <i>Eve</i> separate he spies,	
Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,	
Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round	
About her glowd, oft stooping to support	
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though	
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold, (gay	
Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies	430
Gently	

Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
 From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
 Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve* :  
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
 440 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd  
*Alcinous*, host of old *Laertes* Son,  
 Or that, not *Mythic*, where the Sapient King  
 Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.  
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
 As one who long in populous City pent,  
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes  
 450 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,  
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grasse, or Kine,  
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look summs all Delight.  
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*  
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
 460 Of gesture or least action overaw'd  
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :

That



That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge ;  
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

470

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what  
Compulsion thus transported to forget (sweet  
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope hereto taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying, other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not ; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

480

490

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd

In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*  
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,  
 Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
 Fould above fould a furling Maze, his Head  
 500 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd  
*Hermione* and *Cadmus*, or the God  
 In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transformd  
*Ammonian Jove*, or *Capitoline* was seen,  
 Hee with *Olympius*, this with her who bore  
 510 *Scipio* the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a Ship by skilful Stearman wrought  
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
 So varied hee, and of his tortuous Train  
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,  
 To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 520 To such disport before her through the Field,  
 From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.  
 Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
 But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
 His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.

His gentle dumb expreffion turn'd at length  
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad  
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

530

Wonder not, foveran Miftrefs, if perhaps  
Thou canft, who art fole Wonder, much lefs arm  
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildnefs, with diffdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Infatiate, I thus fingle, nor have feard  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
Faireft refemblance of thy Maker faire,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy Celeftial Beautie adore  
With ravifhment beheld, there beft beheld  
Where univerfally admir'd; but here  
In this enclosure wild, thefe Beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and fhallow to difcerne  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who fees thee? (and what is one?) who fhouldft be  
A Goddefs among Gods, ador'd and ferv'd (feen  
By Angels numberlefs, thy daily Train.

540

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;  
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marveling; at length  
Not unamaz'd fhe thus in answer fpake.  
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't  
By Tongue of Brute, and human fenfe exprest?  
The firft at leaft of thefe I thought deni'd  
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day  
Created mute to all articulat found;  
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks

550

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

- Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.  
560 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in fight?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.  
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,  
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all  
570 What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be  
I was at first as other Beasts that graze (obeyd:  
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughes a favorie odour blow'n,  
580 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats  
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
Unfuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.  
To satisfie the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.  
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,  
590 For high from ground the branches would require  
Thy



Thy utmost reach or *Adams*: Round the Tree  
 All other Beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;  
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties hea'vnly Ray  
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd

600

Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

610

So talk'd the spirited fly Snake; and *Eve*  
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how  
 For many are the Trees of God that grow (far?  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men

620

Grow

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.  
Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
Of blowirg Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept  
630 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld  
In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire  
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
640 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.  
Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,  
650 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that Command  
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die. (bold

660

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
Fluctuats disturb'd, yet comely, and in act  
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

And when of old some Orator renownd  
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence  
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,  
Stood in himself collect'd, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

670

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
Of highest Agents, deem'd however wise.  
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life

680

To

To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,  
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate  
590 Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.  
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterred not from atchieving what might leade  
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?  
700 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:  
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
710 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht, (bring.  
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can  
And what are Gods that Man may not become  
As they, participating God-like food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use



On our belief, that all from them proceeds ;  
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing : If they all things, who enclos'd  
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains  
Wiſdom without their leave ? and wherein lies  
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know ?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
Impart againſt his will if all be his ?

720

Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
In heav'nly breſts ? theſe, theſe and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

730

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
Into her heart too eaſie entrance won :  
Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold  
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound  
Yet rung of his perſwaſive words, impregn'd  
With Reason, to her ſeeming, and with Truth ;  
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell  
So favorie of that Fruit, which with deſire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,  
Sollicit'd her longing eye ; yet fiſt  
Pausing a while, thus to her ſelf ſhe mus'd.

740

Great are thy Vertues, doubtleſs, beſt of Fruits,  
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,  
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at fiſt aſſay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The Tongue not made for Speech to ſpeak thy  
Thy praiſe hee alſo who forbids thy uſe, (praiſe:

750

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
760 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us deni'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first  
770 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?  
780 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing

Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost: Back to the Thicket slunk  
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought. 790  
Greedyly she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,  
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,  
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise 800  
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;

Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
Though others envie what they cannot give;  
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind  
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810  
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch

Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
 About him. But to *Adam* in what fort  
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
 820 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants  
 In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undefireable, sometime  
 Superior; for inferior who is free?  
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
 And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
 And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
 830 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
*Adam* shall share with me in blifs or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,  
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 840 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne  
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown  
 As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; hee the faulting measure felt;

And



And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
Scarfe from the Tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.

850

To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.

Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay?  
Thee I have mist, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I fought,  
The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare :

860

This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,

Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
Perswasively hath so prevaild, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes  
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
Chieflly I fought, without thee can despise.

870

For

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

880 For blifs, as thou haft part, to me is blifs,  
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
Thou therfore alfo taste, that equal Lot  
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
Least thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told;  
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard  
The fatal Trespafs don by *Eve*, amaz'd,  
890 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;  
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*  
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
900 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?  
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbid'n! som curst fraud  
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
910 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?

Should

Should God create another *Eve*, and I  
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart ; no no, I feel  
 The Link of Nature draw me : Flesh of Flesh,  
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd  
 Submitting to what seemd remediless ,  
 Thus in calme moode his Words to *Eve* he turnd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,  
 And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd  
 Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or don undoe ?  
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first 930  
 Made common and unhallowd ere our taste ;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man  
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attaine  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high, 940  
 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must faile,

Dependent

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath  
Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
Triumph and say ; Fickle their State whom God  
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first  
950 He ruind, now Mankind ; whom will he next ?  
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
Confort with thee, Death is to mee as Life ;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;  
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
One Flesh ; to loose thee were to loose my self.  
960 So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high !  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
*Adam*, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both ; whereof good prooff  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
970 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented

This



This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
 So eminently never had bin known.  
 Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful Love unequald ; but I feel  
 Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
 Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
 Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,  
 And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

980

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
 In recompence (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
 With liberal hand : he scrupl'd not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
 But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
 Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
 Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin  
 Original ; while *Adam* took no thought,  
 Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe

990

1000

Him with her lov'd societie, that now  
 As with new Wine intoxicated both  
 They swim in mirth, and fantasie that they feel  
 1010 Divinitie within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit  
 Farr other operation first displaid,  
 Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*  
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
 Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

*Eve*, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning favour we apply,  
 1020 And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
 For never did thy Beautie since the day  
 1030 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
 Her hand he seisd, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd

He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
 Panfies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040  
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
 That with exhilerating vapour bland  
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and groffer sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050  
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds  
 How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,  
 Just confidence, and native righteoufness,  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong  
*Herculean Samson* from the Harlot-lap 1060  
 Of *Philisteian Dalilah*, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they fate, as struck'n mute,  
 Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abasht,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.  
 O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare  
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,  
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes 1070  
 I i 2 Op'nd

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,  
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,  
And in our Faces evident the signes  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
1080 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
1090 Hideme, where I may never see them more.  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together  
And girded on our loyns, may cover round (fowd,  
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.  
So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
1100 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to *Indians* known



In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes  
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between ;  
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heate  
 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds  
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade : Those 1110  
 They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe, (Leaves  
 And with what skill they had, together fowd,  
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike  
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late  
*Columbus* found th' *American* so girt  
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde  
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part  
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120  
 They fate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
 Rained at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook fore  
 Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once  
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent :  
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd 1130  
 Superior sway : From thus distemperd breſt ,  
*Adam*, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,  
 Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & staid  
 With

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then  
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.

1140 Let none henceforth seek needles cause to approve  
 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus  
 What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe, (*Eve*.  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,  
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou bin there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 1150 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
 No ground of enmitie between us known,  
 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 1160 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* repli'd.  
 Is this the Love, is this the recompence  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal blifs,

Yet

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee :  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking Enemie  
That lay in wait ; beyond this had bin force,  
And force upon free Will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
Matter of glorious trial ; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her Will rule ; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

1170

1180

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

*The end of the Eighth Book.*

P A R A-



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK IX.



Eanwhile the hainous and despight-  
full act  
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and  
how  
Hee in the Serpent had perverted  
*Eve*,

10 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulst  
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have stil! remem-  
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit, (ber'd  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd



Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast  
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondring how the suttler Fiend had stoln  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
With pitie, violated not thir blifs.

20

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befell : they towards the Throne Supream  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd ; when the most High  
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

30

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,  
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker ; no Decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free Will, to her own inclining left

40

- In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass  
 On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,  
 50 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee  
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
 All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or  
 Easie it may be seen that I intend (Hell.  
 Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
 60 Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,  
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.  
 So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright  
 Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie ; he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.  
 Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
 70 Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd  
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee ; and not repenting, this obtaine  
 Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most

Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none 80  
 Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,  
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant  
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
*Eden* and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes  
 Now was the Sun in Western cadence low (wing'd.  
 From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour  
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
 The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both (coole  
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
 Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100  
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
 Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unfaught:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
 He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first  
 To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd; 110

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Love was not in thir looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,  
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.  
Whence *Adam* faulting long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice  
Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
120 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* fore beset repli'd.  
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergoe  
My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,  
130 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint; but strict necessitie  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
Least on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.  
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
140 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;



Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovran Prefence thus repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resign thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd  
Hers in all real dignitie : Adorn'd

150

She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part  
And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few :  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

160

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transerre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation ; justly then accurst,  
As vitiated in Nature : more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)

170

Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field ;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
180 Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascention bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,  
190 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;  
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie  
By thy Conception ; Childern thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which (Wife,  
200 I charg'd thee, saying : Thou shalt not eat thereof,  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;  
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day 210

Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,

As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now  
As Father of his Familie he clad

Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,

Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;

And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:

Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins

Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,

Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,

Into his blisful bosom reasum'd

In glory as of old, to him appeas'd

All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was fin'd and judg'd on Earth,

Within the Gates of Hell fate Sin and Death,

Incounterview within the Gates, that now

Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame

Farr into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,

Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing

Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives

In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides

For us his offspring deare? It cannot be

But

But that success attends him ; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
By his Avenger, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large  
Beyond this Deep ; whatever drawes me on,  
Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
250 With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along :  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World  
260 Where Satan now prevails, a Monument  
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.  
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
270 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The favour of Death from all things there that live :  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest



Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd  
With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.  
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,  
Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.

280

Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste  
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark  
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)  
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
Toft up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive  
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond *Petfora* Eastward, to the rich  
*Cathaian* Coast. The aggregated Soyle

290

Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm  
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,  
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,  
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge  
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall

300

- Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
 Forfeit to Death ; from hence a passage broad,  
 Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
*Xerxes*, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,  
 From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high  
 Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*  
 310 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, (waves.  
 And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
 Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
 Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee  
 First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
 From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare  
 Of this round World : with Pinns of Adamant  
 And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
 320 And durable ; and now in little space  
 The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
 With long reach interpos'd ; three severall wayes  
 In sight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,  
 To Paradise first tending, when behold  
*Satan* in likeness of an Angel bright  
 Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* stearing  
 His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose :  
 330 Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear  
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk  
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that fought  
 Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd  
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth  
 Might suddenly inflict ; that past, return'd  
 By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire  
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
 And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot  
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
 Met who to meet him came, his Offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight  
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.  
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine  
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect : (own,  
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie  
 Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt (looks  
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet  
 That I must after thee with this thy Son ; (felt  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three :  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

- Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd  
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd  
370 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay  
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyfs.  
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
380 Of all things, parted by th' Empyrean bounds,  
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.  
Whom thus the Prince of Darknes answerd glad.  
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'n's dore  
390 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm  
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent  
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through Darknes, on your Rode with ease  
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,  
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;

There



There dwell & Reign in blifs, thence on the Earth  
 Dominion exercife and in the Aire, 400  
 Chiefly on Man, fole Lord of all declar'd,  
 Him firft make fure your thrall, and laftly kill.  
 My Subftitutes I fend ye, and Create  
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchlefs might  
 Ifluing from mee : on your joynt vigor now  
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
 If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell  
 No detriment need feare, goe and be ftrong.

So faying he difmifs'd them, they with fpeed 410  
 Thir courfe through thickeft Conftellations held  
 Spreading thir bane ; the blafted Starrs lookt wan,  
 And Planets, Planet-ftrook, real Eclips  
 Then fufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down  
 The Caufey to Hell Gate ; on either fide  
 Difparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,  
 And with rebounding furge the barrs affaild,  
 That fcorn'd his indignation : through the Gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pafs'd, 420  
 And all about found defolate ; for thofe  
 Appointed to fit there, had left thir charge,  
 Flown to the upper World ; the reft were all  
 Farr to the in land retir'd, about the walls  
 Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud feate  
 Of *Lucifer*, fo by allufion calld,  
 Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.  
 There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the  
 In Council fate, follicitous what chance (Grand  
 Might intercept thir Emperour fent, fo hee  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430

As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe  
 By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines  
 Retires, or *Bactrian* *Sophi* from the hornes  
 Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreat  
 To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late  
 Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell  
 Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch  
 Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
 440 Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
 Of Forreine Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,  
 In shew plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, past; and from the dore  
 Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisable  
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state  
 Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end  
 Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while  
 He sate, and round about him saw unseen:  
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head  
 450 And shape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze the *stygian* throng  
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
 Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won.  
 460 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-  
 For in possession such, not onely of right, (ers,  
 I call ye and declare ye now, returnd

Success-

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit  
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,  
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant : Now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine 470  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 To expedite your glorious march ; but I  
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
 Th' untractable Abyffe, plung'd in the womb  
 Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,  
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare  
 Protesting Fate supream ; thence how I found 480  
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happie : Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
 From his Creator, and the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an Apple ; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490  
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather

Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Mee and Mankinde; I am to bruise his heel;  
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
500 A World who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full blifs.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Thir universal shout and high applause  
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long  
570 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;  
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power  
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
520 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories  
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters, head and taile,  
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,  
*Cerastes* hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,  
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil  
Bedropt



Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle  
*Ophiussa*) but still greatest hee the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun  
 Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime, 530  
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain ; they all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief ;  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
 Of ugly Serpents ; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathie ; for what they saw, 540  
 They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,  
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
 Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame (stood  
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There  
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that 550  
 VWhich grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*  
 Us'd by the Tempter : on that prospect strange  
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them furder woe or shame ;  
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees  
 M m Climbing,

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

- 560 Climbing, fat thicker then the snakie locks  
That curld *Megæra* : greedily they pluck'd  
The Frutage fair to fight, like that which grew  
Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd ;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceav'd ; they fondly thinking to allay  
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
Chewd bitter *Ashes*, which th' offended taste  
VVith spattering noise rejected : oft they assayd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
VVith hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
570 VVith foot and cinders fill'd ; so oft they fell  
Into the same illusion, not as Man (plagu'd  
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they  
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless hiss,  
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
However some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
580 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld  
*Ophion* with *Eurynome*, the wide-  
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule  
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n  
And *Ops*, ere yet *Diætæan* *Jove* was born.  
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,  
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant ; behind her *Death*  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
590 On his pale Horse : to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,  
 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though  
 With travail difficult, not better farr (earnd  
 Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have fate watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.  
 To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet ;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600  
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.  
 Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours  
 Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
 The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
 Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several wayes, 610  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later ; which th' Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
 To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder VWorld, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
 Let in these wastful Furies, who impute 620  
 Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell  
 And his Adherents, that with so much ease

Book 9.      *Paradise lost.*

I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yeilded up to their misrule ;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
630 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh  
With suckt and glutted offal , at one sling (burst  
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last  
Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.  
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure  
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine :  
640 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.  
Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud  
Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,  
Through multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works ;  
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
650 His mightie Angels gave them severall charge,  
As sorted best with present things The Sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call

Decrepit



Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring  
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone  
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
Thir planetarie motions and aspects  
In *sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*,  
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne 660  
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
Thir influence malignant when to showre,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous : To the Winds they set  
Thir corners , when with bluster to confound  
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse  
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the Suns Axle ; they with labour push'd 670  
Oblique the Centric Globe : Som say the Sun  
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode  
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n  
*Atlantick* Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins  
Up to the *Tropic* Crab ; thence down amaine  
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,  
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change  
Of Seasons to each Clime ; else had the Spring  
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
Equal in Days and Nights , except to those 680  
Beyond the Polar Circles ; to them Day  
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
To recompence his distance , in thir sight  
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known  
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow  
From cold *Esotiland*, and South as farr

Beneath

- Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit  
 The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended ; else how had the World  
 690 Inhabited , though sinless, more then now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate ?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on Sea and Land, fideral blast,  
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and Pestilent : Now from the North  
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar  
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice  
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,  
*Boreas* and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud  
 700 And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn ;  
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
*Notus* and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds  
 From *Serralliona* ; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* VVindes  
*Eurus* and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,  
*Sirocco*, and *Libeccchio*. Thus began  
 Outrage from liveless things ; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie :  
 710 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,  
 And Fish with Fish ; to graze the Herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing : these were from without  
 The growing miseries , which *Adam* saw  
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,

Thus to disburd'n fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie ! is this the end  
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late  
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom  
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
Of happiness : yet well, if here would end  
The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare  
My own deservings ; but this will not serve ;  
All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,

720

Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*,  
Now death to heare ! for what can I encrease  
Or multiplie, but curses on my head ?

730

Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,  
For this we may thank *Adam* ; but his thanks  
Shall be the execration ; so besides

Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee  
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,  
On mee as on thir natural center light  
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes  
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes !

740

Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden ? as my Will  
Concurd not to my being, it were but right

And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resigne, and render back  
All I receav'd, unable to performe

750

Thy

- Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,  
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
760 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But Natural necessity begot.  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.  
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
770 That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:  
O welcom hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
780 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
To mee and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt



Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,  
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man  
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal Clod ; then in the Grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living Death ? O thought  
Horrid, if true ! yet why ? it was but breath  
Of Life that sinn'd ; what dies but what had life 790  
And sin ? the Bodie properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die : let this appease  
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrauth also ? be it, man is not so ,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end ?  
Can he make deathless Death ? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
Impossible is held, as Argument 800  
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,  
For angers sake, finite to infinite  
In punisht man, to satisfy his rigour  
Satisfi'd never ; that were to extend  
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,  
By which all Causes else according still  
To the reception of thir matter act,  
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say  
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie 810  
From this day onward, which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuitie ; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution

On my defenseless head ; both Death and I  
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
 Posteritie stands curst : Fair Patrimonie  
 That I must leave ye, Sons ; O were I able  
 820 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none !  
 So disinherited how would ye bless  
 Me now your Curse ! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless ? But from mee what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
 Not to do onely, but to will the same  
 With me ? how can they acquitted stand  
 In sight of God ? Him after all Disputes  
 Forc't I absolve : all my evasions vain  
 830 And reasonings, though through Mazes, leads me still  
 But to my own conviction : first and last  
 On mee, mee onely, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;  
 So might the wrauth. Fond wish ! couldst thou sup-  
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear, (port  
 Then all the World much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman ? Thus what thou desir'st,  
 And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 840 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me ; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd !  
 Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,  
 Whol-

Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil Conscience represented  
 All things with double terror : On the ground 850  
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me ? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice Divine not haſt'n to be juſt ?  
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, 860  
 VVith other echo late I taught your Shades  
 To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
 VVhom thus afflicted when ſad *Eve* beheld,  
 Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd :  
 But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my ſight, thou Serpent, that name beſt  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe  
 And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,  
 Like his, and colour Serpentine may ſhew 870  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
 Henceforth ; leaſt that too heav'nly form, pretended  
 To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee  
 I had perſiſted happie, had not thy pride  
 And wandring vanitie, when leſt was ſafe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd  
 Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen  
 Though by the Devil himſelf, him overweening

- 880 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wife,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a shew  
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
890 With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With Men as Angels without Feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,  
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
900 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind  
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already linkt and Wedlock-bound  
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
To Humane life, and household peace confound.  
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*  
910 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And



And tresses all disorderd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920  
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,  
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie  
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
On me already lost, mee then thy self  
More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou 930  
Against God onely, I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgement will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,

Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,  
His counfel whom she had displeas'd, his aide ;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self ; alas,  
950 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine  
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet left part,  
And my displeasure bearest so ill. If Prayers  
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and belouder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
960 In offices of Love, how we may light'n  
Each others burden in our share of woe ;  
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,  
A long days dying to augment our paine,  
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed !) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.  
*Adam*, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can finde,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
970 Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless,  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine  
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
Living or dying from thee I will not hide

*Paradise lost.*      Book 9.

What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
Tending to som relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devourd 980  
By Death at last, and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery.  
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring  
Into this cursed World a woful Race,  
That after wretched Life must be at last  
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power  
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent  
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, Childless remaine :  
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two 990  
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be miserie  
And torment less then none of what we dread,  
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply 1000  
With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction

Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire  
Broke off the rest ; so much of Death her thoughts  
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.

1010 But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive minde  
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

*Eve*, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee somthing more sublime  
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes ;  
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.

1020 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
To be forestall'd ; much more I fear least Death  
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts  
Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
To make death in us live : Then let us seek  
Som safer resolution, which methinks  
1030 I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
The Serpents head ; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
*Satan*, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit : to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed ; which will be lost

By



By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
Resolv'd, as thou propolest; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness  
That cuts us off from hope, and favours onely  
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought 1050  
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee  
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,  
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbefought provided, and his hands  
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060  
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th'inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
O o Some

Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish  
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr  
 1070 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock  
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n  
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine, (down  
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,  
 Which might supply the Sun : such Fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedie or cure  
 1080 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, then to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 1090 VVatering the ground, and with our sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
 VVhen angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 VVhat else but favor, grace, and mercie shon ?  
 So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place

Re-

Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confes'd  
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
VVatering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

1100

*The End of the Ninth Book.*



# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK X.



Hus they in lowliest plight repentant  
stood  
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat  
above  
Prevenient Grace descending had re-  
mov'd

10 The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
Then loudest Oratorie : yet thir port  
Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair  
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,  
*Deucalion* and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore  
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine  
Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers  
Flew



Flew up, nor misd the way, by envious windes  
Blow'n vagabond or frustrate : in they passd  
Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores ; then clad  
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
By thir great Intercessor, came in fight  
Before the Fathers Throne : Them the glad Son 20  
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed  
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those  
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n 30  
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare  
To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee,  
Interpret for him, mee his Advocate  
And propitiation, all his works on mee  
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.  
Accept me, and in mee from these receive  
The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I 40  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee  
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain,

- Obtain, all thy request was my Decree :  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids :  
50 Those pure immortal Elements that know  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,  
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first  
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
Created him endowd, with Happiness  
And Immortalitie : that fondly lost,  
60 This other serv'd but to eternize woe ;  
Till I provided Death ; so Death becomes  
His final remedie, and after Life  
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,  
Wak't in the renovation of the just,  
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.  
But let us call to Synod all the Blest  
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not  
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, (hide  
70 As how with peccant Angels late they saw;  
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.  
He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew  
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. Th' Angelic blast  
Filld all the Regions: from thir blisful Bows  
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,

By the waters of Life, where ere they fate  
In fellowships of joy : the Sons of Light  
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
And took thir Seats ; till from his Throne supream  
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his foveran Will.

80

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
Of that defended Fruit ; but let him boast  
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
My motions in him, longer then they move,  
His heart I know, how variable and vain  
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the Garden forth to Till  
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

90

*Michael*, this my behest have thou in charge,  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession som new trouble raise :  
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
To them and to thir Progenie from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint  
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears

100

110

Bewail-

Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale  
 To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the East side of the Garden place,  
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,  
 120 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,  
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape  
 130 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those  
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,  
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed  
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while  
 To resalute the World with sacred Light  
*Leucothea* wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd  
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*  
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;  
 140 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.

*Eve*, easily may Faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends

But



But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concerne the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will Prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne  
 Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I faught  
 By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his care ; perswasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour ; peace returnd  
 Home to my brest, and to my memorie  
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe ;  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,  
*Eve* rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

150

160

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.  
 Ill worthie I such title should belong  
 To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind  
 A help, became thy snare ; to mee reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise :  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't  
 The source of life ; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,  
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepleess Night ; for see the Morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins

170

Her roſie progreſſs ſmiling ; let us forth,  
 I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,  
 Whereſo our days work lies, though now enjoind  
 Laborious, till day droop ; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toiliſom in theſe pleaſant Walkes ?  
 180 Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.  
 So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate  
 Subſcrib'd not ; Nature firſt gave Signs, impreſt  
 On Bird, Beaſt, Aire, Aire ſuddenly eclips'd  
 After ſhort bluſh of Morn ; nigh in her ſight  
 The Bird of *Jove*, ſtoopt from his aerie tour,  
 Two Birds of gayeſt plume before him drove :  
 Down from a Hill the Beaſt that reigns in Woods,  
 Firſt Hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodlieſt of all the Forreſt, Hart and Hinde ;  
 190 Direct to th' Eaſtern Gate was bent thir flight.  
*Adam* obſerv'd, and with his Eye the chaſe  
 Purſuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus ſpake.  
 O *Eve*, ſome furdere change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in Nature ſhews  
 Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn  
 Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge  
 From penaltie, becauſe from death releaſt  
 Some days ; how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are duſt,  
 200 And thither muſt return and be no more.  
 Why elſe this double object in our ſight  
 Of flight purſu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
 One way the ſelf-ſame hour ? why in the Eaſt  
 Darkneſs ere Dayes mid-courſe, and Morning light  
 More orient in yon VVeſtern Cloud that draws  
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,

And

And flow descends, with somthing heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, 210  
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.  
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
*Jacob* in *Mahanaim*, where he saw  
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright ;  
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd  
In *Dotban*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,  
Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize  
One man, Affassin-like had levied Warr,  
Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch 220  
In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise  
Possession of the Garden; hee alone,  
To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,  
Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,  
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

*Eve*, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determin, or impose  
New Laws to be observ'd ; for I descrie  
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill  
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate 230  
None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie  
Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.  
He ended ; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,

240 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man  
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes  
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd  
 Livelier then *Melibæan*, or the graine  
 Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old  
 In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;  
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side  
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,  
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.

— *Adam* bowd low, hee Kingly from his State  
 250 Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

*Adam*, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:  
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes  
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell

260 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for *Adam* at the newes  
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound; *Eve*, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave  
 270 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,



Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,  
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke  
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower World, to this obscure  
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire  
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

280

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.  
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;  
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

290

*Adam* by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits return'd,  
To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
Our frailtie can sustaine, thy tidings bring,

300

Depar-

- Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and onely consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,  
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
310 To wearie him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer against his absolute Decree  
No more availes then breath against the winde,  
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd  
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd  
Prefence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
320 On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree  
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful Altars I would reare  
Of grasse Terfe, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,  
Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:  
In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
330 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd  
To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.

*Adam,*

*Adam*, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,  
 Not this Rock onely ; his Omnipresence fills  
 Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd :  
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of *Paradise* or *Eden* : this had been  
 Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.  
 But this præminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine  
 God is as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of his presence many a signe  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal Love, his Face  
 Express, and of his steps the track Divine.  
 Which that thou mayst beleieve, and be confirmd,  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 To shew thee what shall come in future dayes  
 To thee and to thy Ofspring ; good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
 With sinfulness of Men ; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
 By moderation either state to beare,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend

340

350

360

This

- This Hill ; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)  
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slep'st, while Shee to life was formd.
- 370 To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chaf't'ning, to the evil turne  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God : It was a Hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleere'st Ken
- 380 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second *Adam* in the Wildernes,  
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
 His Eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destin'd Walls  
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*  
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
- 390 To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence  
 To *Agra* and *Labor* of great *Mogul*  
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where  
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* fate, or since  
 In *Hispaban*, or where the *Russian Ksar*  
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,  
*Turckestan*-born ; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port  
*Ercoco* and the les's Maritime Kings



*Mombaza*, and *Quiloe*, and *Melind*,  
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme  
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South ;  
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount  
The Kingdoms of *Almanzor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,  
*Marocco* and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen* ;  
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway  
The VVorld : in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motexume*,  
And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat  
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd  
*Guiana*, whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons  
Call *El Dorado* : but to nobler fights  
*Michael* from *Adams* eyes the Filmer remov'd  
VVhich that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
Had bred ; then purg'd with *Euphrasie* and *Rue*  
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see ;  
And from the VVell of Life three drops instill'd .  
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,  
Eevn to the inmost seat of mental fight,  
That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,  
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intransit :  
But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

*Adam*, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,  
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,  
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves 430

New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds ;  
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of graffie ford ; thither anon  
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,  
 Uncull'd, as came to hand ; a Shepherd next  
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
 Choicest and best ; then sacrificing, laid  
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
 440 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.  
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame ;  
 The others not, for his was not sincere ;  
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart  
 Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.

450 O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd ;  
 Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid ?

T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.  
 These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come  
 Out of thy loyns ; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envie that his Brothers Offering found  
 From Heav'n acceptance ; but the bloodie Fact  
 Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
 Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
 460 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause !  
 But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way

I must return to native dust? O fight  
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead  
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance then within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more  
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know  
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,  
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
Of gasty Spasim, or racking torture, qualmes  
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,  
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,  
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,  
Dropies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair  
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't  
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,  
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears

470

480

490

A space, till firmer thoughts restraind excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n  
500 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
Th' Image of God in man created once  
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debas't  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
Retaining still Divine similitude  
510 In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then  
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.

Therefore so abject is thir punishment,  
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,  
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't  
520 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules  
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they  
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

I yeild it just, said *Adam*, and submit.  
But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There



There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught  
 In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight, 530  
 Till many years over thy head return :  
 So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
 Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease  
 Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature :  
 This is old age ; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will  
 To witherd weak & gray ; thy Senses then (change  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,  
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne 540  
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry  
 To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
 Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendring up. *Michael* to him repli'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate ; but what thou livst  
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n : 550  
 And now prepare thee for another fight.

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon  
 Were Tents of various hue ; by some were herds  
 Of Cattel grazing : others, whence the sound  
 Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of Harp and Organ ; and who moovd  
 Thir stops and chords was seen : his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions low and high

Fled

- Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
560 In other part stood one who at the Forge  
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,  
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot  
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream  
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind  
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd  
First his own Toolles; then, what might else be  
Fusil or grav'n in mettle. After these, (wrought  
570 But on the hether side a different sort  
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir  
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise (Seat,  
Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid, nor those things lost which might preserve  
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain  
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold  
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay  
In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung  
580 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:  
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net  
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;  
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star  
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat  
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;  
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.  
Such happy interview and fair event  
590 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,  
And

And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,  
The bent of Nature ; which he thus exprefs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past ;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best  
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet, 600  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.

Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
Who slew his Brother ; studious they appere  
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;  
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd 610  
Of Goddeesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists

Womans domestic honour and chief praise ;  
Bred onely and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dresse, and trouble the Tongue, and roule the Eye.

To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame 620  
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles

Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,  
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh ; for which

The

The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.

O pittie and shame, that they who to live well

Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread

Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint !

But still I see the tenor of Mans woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

630 From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,

Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place

By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.

But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred

Before him, Towns, and rural works between,

Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,

Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,

Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise ;

Part wield thir Arms, part coulb the foaming Steed,

640 Single or in Array of Battel rang'd

Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood ;

One way a Band select from forage drives

A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine

From a fat Meddow ground ; or fleecy Flock,

Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,

Thir Bootie ; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,

But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray ;

With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine ;

Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatterd lies

650 With Carcasses and Arms th' enfanguind Field

Deserted : Others to a Citie strong

Lay Siege, encamp ; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,

Affaulting ; others from the Wall defend

With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire ;

On



On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds call  
 To Council in the Citie Gates : anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,  
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,  
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
 And Judgement from above : him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng : so violence  
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law  
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.

660

*Adam* was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad ; O what are these,  
 Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew  
 His Brother ; for of whom such massacher  
 Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men ?  
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost ?

670

To whom thus *Michael* ; These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated Marriages thou sawst ;  
 Where good with bad were matcht, who of them-  
 Abhor to joyn ; and by imprudence mixt, (selves  
 Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
 Such were these Giants, men of high renown ;  
 For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
 And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd ;

680

690 To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,  
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The onely righteous in a World perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With Foes for daring single to be just,  
700 And utter odious Truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds  
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
High in Salvation and the Climes of blifs,  
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;  
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,  
710 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,  
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire  
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.  
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft  
Frequented thir Assemblies, where so met,

Triumphs

Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd  
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls  
In prison under Judgements imminent :  
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off ;  
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,  
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,  
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore  
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
For Man and Beast : when loe a wonder strange !  
Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small  
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught  
Thir order ; last the Sire, and his three Sons  
With thir four Wives ; and God made fast the dore.  
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n ; the Hills to their supplie  
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain ; and now the thick'nd Skie  
Like a dark Ceeling stood ; down rush'd the Rain  
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
No more was seen ; the floating Vessel swum  
Uplifted ; and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp  
Deep under water rould ; Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without shoar ; and in thir Palaces  
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabl'd ; of Mankind, so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum imbarck't.  
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold

The end of all thy Ofspring, end fo fad,  
Depopulation ; thee another Floud,  
Of tears and forrow a Floud thee alfo drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy Sons ; till gently reard  
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou floodft at laft,  
Though comfortlefs, as when a Father mourns  
His Childern, all in view destroyd at once ;  
And fcarce to th' Angel utterdft thus thy plaint.

- O Vifions ill forefeen ! better had I  
760 Liv'd ignorant of future, fo had borne  
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot  
Anough to bear ; thofe now, that were difpenft  
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,  
With thought that they muft be. Let no man feek  
Henceforth to be foretold what fhall befall  
Him or his Children, evil he may be fure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
770 And hee the future evil fhall no lefs  
In apprehenfion then in fubftance feel  
Grievous to bear : but that care now is paff,  
Man is not whom to warne : thofe few escap't  
Famin and anguifh will at laft confume  
Wandring that watrie Defert : I had hope  
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,  
All would have then gon well, peace would have  
With length of happy days the race of man ; (crownd  
But I was farr deceav'd ; for now I fee  
780 Peace to corrupt no lefs then Warr to wafte.  
How comes it thus ? unfould, Celeftial Guide,  
And whether here the Race of man will end.



To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;  
 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste  
 Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby  
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth, 790  
 Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace.  
 The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr  
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose  
 And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd  
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aide  
 Against invaders; therefore could in zeale  
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
 Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear 800  
 More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd:  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
 One Man except, the onely Son of light  
 In a dark Age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a World  
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, hee of thir wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe, 810  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On thir impenitence; and shall returne  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
 The one just Man alive; by his command

Shall

Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
To save himself and household from amidst  
A World devote to universal rack.

820 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast  
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts  
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep  
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
Above the highest Hills : then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd  
Out of his place, pushd by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
830 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
And there take root an Island salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,  
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decaid ;  
840 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glas  
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had  
Fis Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut. (stopt  
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
Fast

Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.  
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;  
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.  
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie  
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his Bill  
 An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:  
 Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke  
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
 Conspicuous with three listd colours gay,  
 Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.  
 Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad  
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

850

860

O thou that future things canst represent  
 As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live  
 With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.  
 Farr less I now lament for one whole World  
 Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce  
 For one Man found so perfet and so just,  
 That God voutsafes to raise another World  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,  
 Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,  
 Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde  
 The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,  
 Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

870

To

- To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
880 So willingly doth God remit his Ire,  
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,  
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each thirway ; yet those remoov'd,  
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a Covenant never to destroy  
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World  
890 With Man therein or Beast ; but when he brings  
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set  
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his Cov'nant : Day and Night,  
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost  
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.  
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end ;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
900 Thy mortal sight to faile ; objects divine  
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense :  
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second fourf of Men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,  
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,  
910 Corn wine and oyle ; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft



Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
 With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast  
 Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
 Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
 Under paternal rule ; till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
 With fair equalitie, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth ;  
 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)  
 With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous :  
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
 Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie ;  
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde  
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell ;  
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n ;  
 And get themselves a name, least far dispers'd  
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through thir habitations walks  
 To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower

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- Obstruct Heav'n Towers, and in derision sets  
 Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raise  
 Quite out thir Native Language, and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown :  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the Builders ; each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 950 As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
 And hear the din ; thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
     Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.  
 O execrable Son so to aspire  
 Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n :  
 He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
 Dominion absolute ; that right we hold  
 960 By his donation ; but Man over men  
 He made not Lord ; such title to himself  
 Reserving , human left from human free.  
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on Man ; to God his Tower intends  
 Siege and defiance : Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire  
 Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread ?  
 970 To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational Libertie ; yet know withall,  
 Since thy original lapse, true Libertie

Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no diuidual being :  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart Passions catch the Government  
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
 Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
 Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
 Subjects him from without to violent Lords ;  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom : Tyrannie must be,  
 Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low  
 From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
 Deprives them of thir outward libertie,  
 Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
 Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
 Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,  
*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious Race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy Eyes ; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to thir own polluted wayes ;  
 And one peculiar Nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring :  
 Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,  
 Bred up in Idol-worship ; O that men

980

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1000

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 1010 To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes  
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
 His benediction so, that in his Seed  
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
 1020 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile  
*Or of Chaldaea*, passing now the Ford  
 To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train  
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains, I see his Tents  
 Pitcht about *sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine  
 Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receaves  
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
 1030 From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South  
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)  
 From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,  
 Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
 Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream  
*Jordan*, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
 Shall dwell to *senir*, that long ridge of Hills.  
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth

Shall



Shall in his Seed be blessed ; by that Seed  
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise 1040  
 The Serpents head ; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,  
 Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs  
 From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd  
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile* ;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouthes 1050  
 Into the Sea : to sojourn in that Land  
 He comes invited by a yonger Son  
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that Realme  
 Of *Pharao* : there he dies, and leaves his Race  
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them  
 Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males : (slaves 1060  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
*Moses* and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime  
 His people from enthrallment, they return  
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.  
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
 To know thir God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire ;  
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,  
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die, 1070

Botches

Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,  
And all his people ; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie  
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould;  
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,  
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
1080 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes ;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
This River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea  
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass  
As on drie land between two cristall walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
1090 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar :  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
By day a Cloud, by night a pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues :  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch ;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
1100 God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels : when by command  
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends

Over

Over the Sea ; the Sea his Rod obeys ;  
 On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,  
 And overwhelm thir Warr : the Race elect  
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance  
 Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
 Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd  
 Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
 Return them back to *Egypt*, choosfing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by thir delay  
 In the wide Wilderfness, there they shall found  
 Thir government, and thir great Senate choofe  
 Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:  
 God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets found  
 Ordaine them Lawes ; part such as appertaine  
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
 Of facrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadofwes, of that destined Seed to bruise  
 The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve  
 Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal eare is dreadful ; they beseech  
 That *Moses* might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease ; he grants them thir desire,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
*Moses* in figure beares, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
 And all the Prophets in thir Age the times

1100

1120

1130

Of

Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in Men  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell :  
 1140 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
 A Mercie-feat of Gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
 Seven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
 The Heav'nly fires ; over the Tent a Cloud  
 Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,  
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
 1150 Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
 Promis'd to *Abraham* and his Seed : the rest  
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
 How many Kings destroy'd, and Kingdoms won,  
 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
 Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,  
 And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,  
 Till *Israel* overcome ; so call the third  
 From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him  
 1160 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concerne  
 Just *Abraham* and his Seed : now first I finde  
 Mine eyes true-op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
 Erwhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become

Of



Of mee and all Mankind ; but now I see  
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,  
Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth  
So many and so various Laws are giv'n ;  
So many Laws argue so many sins  
Among them ; how can God with such reside ?

1170

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;  
And therefore was Law given them to evince

Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight ; that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,  
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde  
Justification towards God, and peace

1180

Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies  
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God

1190

1200 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead ;  
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,  
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back  
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
 National interrupt thir public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies :  
 1210 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By Judges first, then under Kings ; of whom  
 The second, both for pietie renownd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
 For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock  
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise  
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust  
 1220 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
 Wandring, shall in'a glorious Temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense  
 1230 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,

Thir

Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.  
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,  
 Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn  
 To *David*, stablish't as the dayes of Heav'n.  
 Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings  
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
 They first re-edifie, and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings  
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise  
 The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons,  
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King *Messiah* might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr  
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,  
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
 Of squadron'd Angels hear his Carol sung.  
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
 The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign  
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

1243

1250

1260

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steddiefst thoughts have searcht in  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd (vain,  
 1270 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,  
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son  
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when  
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,  
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son  
 1280 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thyemie; nor so is overcome  
*Satan*, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works  
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
 On penaltie of death, and suffering death,  
 1290 The penaltie to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid.  
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love

Alone



Alone fulfill the Law ; thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
 To a reproachful life and curst death,  
 Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption, and that his obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits  
 To save them, not thir own, though legal works.  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd  
 A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross  
 By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life ;  
 But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,  
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,  
 But soon revives, Death over him no power  
 Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
 Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light ,  
 Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
 His death for Man, as many as offerd Life  
 Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace  
 By Faith not void of workes : this God-like act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
 In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,  
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
 A gentle waisting to immortal Life.

1300

1310

1320

Nor

Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer  
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
 1330 Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his Salvation , them who shall beleewe  
 Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.  
 All Nations they shall teach ; for from that day  
 Not onely to the Sonsof *Abrahams* Loines  
 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons  
 1340 Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world ;  
 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.  
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the aire  
 Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines  
 Through all his realme, & there confounded leave ;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heav'n ; and thence shall come,  
 1350 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,  
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into blifs,  
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.

So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,  
 As at the Worlds great period ; and our Sire

Replete

Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense ! 1360

That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good ; more wonderful  
Then that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness ! full of doubt I stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By mee done and occasion'd, or rejoyce  
Much more , that much more good thereof shall  
To God more glory, more good will to Men (spring,  
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.

But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n 1370  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth ; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend ? will they not deale  
Worsh with his followers then with him they dealt ?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel ; but from Heav'n  
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith  
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write, 1380  
To guide them in all truth, and also arme

With spiritual Armour, able to resist  
*Satans* assaults, and quench his fierie darts ,  
What Man can do against them, not affraid,  
Though to the death , against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompenc't,

And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Thir proudest persecuters : for the Spirit  
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the Nations, then on all

Baptiz'd,

1390

Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
 To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
 As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each Nation to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length  
 Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
 Thir doctrine and thir story written left,  
 They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
 1400 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
 To thir own vile advantages shall turne  
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left onely in those written Records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places and titles, and with these to joine  
 Secular power, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 1410 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
 To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,  
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde  
 Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde  
 His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild  
 His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
 Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth  
 1420 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
 Infalible? yet many will presume:  
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise



On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,  
 Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes  
 Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
 Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,  
 Under her own waight groaning, till the day  
 Appeer of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid,  
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
*Satan* with his perverted World, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousnes and peace and love,  
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

1430

1440

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,  
 Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,  
 And love with feare the onely God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe

1045

His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak  
1460 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek ; that suffering for Truths sake  
Is fortitude to highest victorie,  
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life ;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd :  
This having learnt, thou hast attaind the summe  
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the Starrs  
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
1470 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,  
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,  
And all the rule, one Empire ; onely add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul  
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
1480 Of Speculation ; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence ; and see the Guards,  
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect  
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
We may no longer stay : go, waken *Eve* ;  
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd

Portending

Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission : thou at season fit  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.  
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,  
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happie end.

1490

He ended, and they both descend the Hill ;  
Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*  
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't ;  
And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.

1500

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know ;  
For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
VVearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;

In mee is no delay ; with thee to goe,  
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to mee  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
VVho for my wilful crime art banisht hence.

1510

This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence ; though all by mee is lost,  
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,  
By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
VVell pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array

The

1520 The Cherubim descended ; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet ; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate Clime ; whereat  
In either hand the hastning Angel caught  
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
1530 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
To the subjected Plaine ; then disappeer'd.  
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes :  
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon ;  
The World was all before them, where to choose  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide :  
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,  
1540 Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

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*THE END.*















**GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart**